

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

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UNCLE JOE.

BY MRS. DENISON.

"Mamma says Fanny *must* come down to keep aunty and me company while she goes to the springs. Now I won't hear any excuses. There are only three boarders here at present—a student, a surveyor—I don't know really what the other one does for a living. Of course you won't mind Uncle Joe—nobody cares for him. He comes and goes, grumbles and sleeps when he pleases, but in the main he's as good as any old bachelor, I suppose. Bring down your best, for we shall probably be invited here and there, once in a while. Now remember, I'm not going to take no for an answer. If you don't let me know you are coming within a week, I shall rush down by rail and bring you by force—for come you must and shall."

Fanny Moses put the letter down and looked out of the window. Her plain, sweet face was flushed with pleasure, and her lids glistened as if with tears.

"How good of Aunt Jenny to think of me," she murmured, "when she knows how cooped up I have been all summer. I think I ought to go. I wonder what Aunt Mag will say? Be sure to oppose it; and I do think the visit will bring me strength. I'm sadly run down."

Presently several carriages came rattling along; for they were on the highway of a populous village. The white dust rolled up chokingly; Fanny shut the window at the risk of suffocation, for the little corner room, scarcely larger than a cupboard was the warmest place in the house. Presently she opened the tiny casement, smoothed her hair at a little square, old-

fashioned mirror, and went down stairs, the letter in her hand.

Nothing could be neater than the parlor she entered, though every piece of furniture was of the plainest description. Stopping to even a large book on the side-table, and, perhaps, to gain a little time, Fanny passed on into the shaded kitchen, by far the largest and pleasantest room in the house. Aunt Mag sat there, knitting—a tall, spare, hard-visaged woman, whose keen, cold blue eyes told of thrift and decision, and a merciless temper.

"Git a letter, Fanny?" she asked, glancing up once from her work.

"Yes; from Cousin Hannah."

"Well, what notion now?"

"What notion, Aunt?"

"Yes, that's what I said. I judged from your face you'd something to tell me; now what is it?"

"Why—why Hannah wants me to come to Philadelphia."

"Oh! she does?"

"Yes; she is very kind, indeed."

"Haven't you learned folks yet, Fanny Moses?"

"Learned folks?"

"Yes; don't you see it's only a compliment."

Why Hannah's a most ten years younger than you are. You're no company for her, with your old-fashioned, old-maidish ways. "I guess you forget you're turned of thirty. And now you want to go and dress, and giggle, and flirt round like a young girl."

"Oh! no, aunt; you needn't be afraid I shall

forget my thirty years, or compromise my dignity in the least. But I feel very much worn down, waiting upon Miss Becks so continuously. I really need a change, and I—I think I shall accept the invitation."

"And leave me here alone—for a whole winter, too—I shouldn't wonder; that's gratitude—that's what I call being grateful for the home I've give you these twenty year."

"Aunt, I think I've fully earned my food and lodging," said Fanny, with a sudden inspiration, of which she repented afterwards, so gentle and kindly was her nature. "I really thought you would like to have me go."

"I dare say—I dare say!" and the needles clicked faster.

"You have a nice strong girl now."

"Yes, yes; and gadding half her time."

"And with part of the money Miss Becks left me, I can buy me some new things, you know. I shant call on you."

"Guess it wouldn't amount to much, if you did. Very well; I suppose you're your own mistress—old enough to be. I don't need any consideration. If you don't think of me, there are others that do, perhaps. You may not find me here when you come back; and of course, if I should marry—I don't say that I dream of such a thing—but if I should, why I couldn't think of inviting even a relation to stay with me in such a case."

Fanny smiled, involuntarily. Good Mr. Becks, the tall, gentle, pitted and plain old Rector, with his eleven children, how would he manage that square-jawed woman, if he did marry her? And there was a probability, she thought; for since his maiden sister had boarded at the cottage, the Rector had certainly been very pointed in his attentions, coming only the oftener when his delicate, sickly relative had passed away. And Aunt Mag had been all devotion, all tenderness to the invalid when he had been present, and not inattentive at other times, only Fanny bore all the burdens.

Fanny and her aunt said nothing more about the matter. Kate, the girl, came home and got tea. After supper there was a step on the path outside. Aunt Mag blushed like a girl. Fanny opened the door. The Rector came in, placed his hat precisely on the table, smoothed his silvery locks, smiled, coughed a little, and then in a low voice intimated his desire to see Miss Fanny alone.

"Step into the parlor, child," spoke up Aunt Mag, to the bewildered Fanny; and she was obeyed. Fanny took up the candle.

"How odd that he should speak to me about

it," she said to herself, her cheeks burning; some way it seemed to her as if she had placed herself under new obligations to her aunt.

"Miss Fanny, I esteem you very highly," said the Rector, in a very low voice; "indeed, I—I—love you, and am come to-night to ask you if you will be my wife."

Fanny was stunned. Could she believe her ears? Was she really an object of human interest to any one in the world—she, plain, timid Fanny Moses? A rush of gratitude almost overpowered her; for Mr. Becks was a man of standing in the little community. He could have chosen, she thought, maidens far above herself in looks and station. But then, the kind, fatherly man! Yes, she was so grateful!

But there was nothing in her heart that answered to his question. The position, of such responsibility—the eleven children, some of them nearly as old as herself! Oh! no, no! She shrank from the thought, half in terror. If he had only wanted Aunt Mag, now! What would she say? Or if she could but love him, even in the faintest degree. But no; she shrank from him—she trembled; but she was true to herself, and said no.

He was disappointed; but something in her face, in her tone, told him that a repetition of his offer would be in vain—that pleading would have no effect; and he took his leave, going directly away.

Then Aunt Mag called her. She looked sterner, grimmer than ever. "What did he want?"

"He—asked me a—question," stammered Fanny.

The woman comprehended. "And what did you answer?"

"No!"

"Go to bed!"

Fanny marched up stairs. Aunt Mag pulled off her spectacles, and threw them on the table with an almost savage exclamation. "To think!" she muttered, fiercely—"to think! Well, she may go. I hate the sight of her—she may go."

So Fanny, who felt some way as if she had cheated her mother's half-sister out of a husband, did go, enjoying the journey with the zest, almost the abandon of a child.

It was night before she reached the city home of her cousin. They had not received her telegram, but nevertheless they welcomed her with open arms. Oh! this was something like, to be fondled and kissed by that sweet-faced girl—by that dear Aunt Jenny, her mother's own sister—to be led up stairs to the coseyest

room she had ever seen, cool, and bright, and tasteful; this was an experience worth twenty years of waiting.

"And you shall be quite happy here; do just as you please," cried Hannah, "and don't object to being petted. You know I've no own cousin in the world beside you, and you do look so good!—just as I fancied you would. You must be quite at home, indeed you must; and don't mind Uncle Joe—not a real uncle, you know—grandfather adopted him; but he's as good as gold, though he's an old bachelor and a grumbler. You don't mind odd people, do you?"

"Indeed I don't, my dear; I'm used to them," said Fanny, gently.

"Then I don't think you'll care for Uncle Joe. He contradicts awfully; but then he's an old bachelor, and—and—oh, dear! I—I—" and off she ran, scarlet, leaving Fanny to infer that something about an old maid was on the tip end of her tongue. Fanny was used to that, too, and laughed gleefully, hoping that little Hannah would not think her over-sensitive on that score. "If she knew how often Aunt Mag had told me, she wouldn't mind much," she said softly to herself.

So presently Fanny had a little supper, all to herself; and there stood Hannah, her pretty face aglow, pouring out the tea; and there sat Aunt Jenny, knitting; but oh, the contrast! the sweet, mild, motherly countenance; the quiet, composed manner; the good cheer and comfort everywhere visible! And it was a sensation so new—this being waited upon and cared for—joined to the strange experience of the previous night, when she had actually been told that she was beloved; it was so new and blessed, that she wondered if she sat there; no cold blue eyes stabbing her for any little omission—if it were not all a dream—that she must wake up soon and find herself in the kitchen at Windsor, striving and toiling, instead of sitting here like a princess, enjoying herself.

"I'm sure sister Mag has very much underrated her appearance," said Aunt Jenny, as they sat together for the final talk before retiring. She's no beauty—but then she is not ugly; there's nothing ugly about her."

"Not a bit of it," responded Hannah, braiding her hair; "and then she's such a bit of a little body—why, I'm a head taller. Poor little thing! she has been cooped up in that country place, and kept hard at work, I warrant. Look at her hands—pretty hands, but so rough! As to her age—I can't realize that she is nearly ten years older than I am. I wonder how

Uncle Joe will like her? One thing is certain, however much he abuses her when they get acquainted, she won't quarrel with him—that's a comfort," she laughed gleefully.

The next morning Fanny was formally introduced to the little family of boarders, and looked with great interest for the coming of Uncle Joe. To her surprise, when he came in, late of course, he was a very different individual from what she had expected—a fine-looking man, who had seemingly paid great attention to his handsome, curly brown hair.

"Uncle Joe, this is Fanny, I spoke to you of."

He looked up; a curious change passed over his features. "Humph! how do, Fanny?—Seen her before," turning to Hannah.

"Seen her before? Where, pray?" queried Hannah, with some astonishment.

"Well, that's my own secret. How abominably you have toasted this bread."

"Let me get you some more," said Hannah, laughing.

"Turn out your tea, and hold your tongue;" and Uncle Joe took a fresh slice, and carried it out to the kitchen.

Hannah laughed, and shook her hand at his back. Fanny thought him the queerest man she had ever seen.

"The weather won't suit you to-day, Uncle Joe," said Hannah, when he was seated again.

"It never suits me; it never did suit me—your coffee don't suit me, either;" and he turned his full cup deliberately in a bowl that stood near.

"Shall I try again?" asked Hannah.

"No; I'll go without," was his response.

"Which amounts to saying that you've a headache," retaliated Hannah. "You see, I know your tricks."

"Hold your tongue!" grumbled Uncle Joe, munching his toast.

Nobody appeared to mind his humor. The lawyer chatted with Hannah, the surveyor with Aunt Jenny and Fanny, and the man who seemed to have no business, made himself agreeable to all.

"You don't like Uncle Joe," said Hannah, awhile after, as they sat together.

"He is rather singular, but I can't say I dislike him," said Fanny.

"You'll get used to him. I fancy sometimes he's a thousand times more gentle than ordinary men. If he once takes a fancy, he's as true as steel. He seems like a father to me; he has always been so kind. Amuse yourself now; I'm going down to help aunty for an hour or two;" and she was off.

Fanny was not accustomed to playing the lady at that time of day, so she could not set her mind to amusement.

"It's no use my trying to sit still; I can't do it," she said, suddenly appearing in the midst of the little group in the kitchen—for Uncle Joe was there, having just thrown down an armful of wood. "Aunt, you look heated—give me those eggs to beat, and please let me make the custards; you don't know what a capital cook I am!"

Aunt Jenny sat down, smiling; she was getting in years, she said, and a little tired her, but she could see to the meat presently. Uncle Joe went out, smiling. Hannah had made the bread and clapped three snow-white loaves into the oven. Since Aunt Jenny would care for the meat, there was nothing for her to do.

"Then I shall have an extra half hour for practice," said Hannah, delighted, and rolled up her linen apron.

"You see," said Aunt Jenny, "Uncle Joe is paying for her instruction in music. It costs a great deal, as she has one of the first masters, and every moment she gains, is prized by her."

"Then she shall gain a great deal while I am here," said Fanny. "I dearly love music myself; so I will do her part of the morning's work, and she shall give me a sugar-plum for it, in the shape of a pretty tune now and then."

"But, my dear, we cannot let our visitor—" "Oh, aunt, don't call me a visitor; please consider me one of the family. Indeed, I am always happy when I'm at work."

At this, Uncle Joe, who was just coming in with a fresh armful of wood, smiled again, but left the kitchen without speaking.

"Uncle Joe will cut all the wood," said Aunt Jenny; "he says he'd as soon go without his meals, as to forego his daily exercise."

"What does he do for a living?" asked Fanny, bluntly.

"Oh, he writes," was Aunt Jenny's reply, smiling to herself, as she spoke.

"Indeed! He writes for the papers, I suppose?"

"Sometimes," said Aunt Jenny.

In a week, Fanny had become accustomed to Uncle Joe's gruffness. He paid her the compliment, however, of eating from dishes she had prepared, without finding fault.

"Tickets of invitation for a large party!" cried Hannah, one morning, "little Cousin Fanny included."

"I attend a large party?" cried Fanny. "I shouldn't know what to do."

"Oh, there's no danger," said Hannah,

"It's at Judge Woodburn's, too—they live in splendid style."

"But I shall know nobody there," cried Fanny, distressfully.

"But you go with me, coz, and I'll introduce you. Wont it be nice? Of course they'll dance almost all the evening."

"But I don't know a step of dancing," said Fanny, ruefully.

Uncle Joe, sitting by himself in a nook formed by the bay-window, rubbed his hands with glee.

"I'd rather stay home with Aunt Jenny. Just think of poor plain little me, rigged out for a party!"

"Well, you're going, Miss Prudy, and you wont look plain, either, for I shall see to that. Come, Fanny, we must go out shopping. I know just what will suit your complexion."

Fanny arose in dismay, and followed her cousin with a rueful face.

Presently Hannah came back. "Now, aunt, what do you think? Fanny hasn't money enough to buy a flower for her hair."

"But she spoke of purchasing dresses a few days ago."

"I know it; the foolish girl has sent every dollar she had, except enough to go home with, to Aunt Mag. She wrote her a letter, it seems, begging her to help her about a mortgage, and the silly girl sent her almost every cent she brought, without speaking to us. Now she'll have to stay at home."

"No she wont!" cried Uncle Joe, coming out of his nook, and busy with a port-monnaie.

"It's no use; she'd never borrow it."

"I don't intend she shall. Just lay it out yourself—only don't get her into a coat of a thousand colors—and say nothing about it. Just keep a still tongue in your head, and bear her down, if she refuses."

"Oh! you darling, cross, ugly, delightful man!" cried Hannah.

"Hold your tongue!"

"I wont! But stop, Uncle Joe, what is your favorite color?"

"Sky-blue green," he growled, deep in his book again.

"You're a tiger!" snapped Hannah, flew at him and snatched a kiss, ran up stairs, held her tongue, and was off. In the evening she displayed her purchase.

"Beautiful!" cried Fanny, with real, unselfish pleasure. "You have brought two dresses home."

"For you to look at," responded Hannah, demurely.

"Well, for my choice—for *myself*," said Fanny, slowly, "I should like that soft moon-shiny tissue. Oh! what a lovely thing it is! Too sober by half for you, though. There is your color."

"Well, my dear, I'm glad it suits you, for I bought it expressly for you to wear."

"For me to wear! You know, dear, I'm not going. Besides—"

"I engaged a dress-maker on my way home," continued Hannah, in the same matter-of-fact manner; "so we must be ready early to-morrow. Miss Clarke is fashionable, and does not like to wait."

"But Hannah—"

"And you see I bought trimmings to match—blue for your silver tissue, and flowers, and ribbons—crimson for my maize. Fanny Moses, you will find out that I am a very determined woman, and if you want any peace in this house, you must do as I say."

Fanny laughed, in spite of her distress, at this dignified assumption. "I shall do everything under protest," she replied; "though if I must, why I suppose I must. But I can't think—"

"Well then, don't," said Hannah, shortly.

The evening drew near—a lovely, star-lighted autumn night. Uncle Joe was in the sitting-room, now striving to read—now rising, walking back and forth—eyeing the door as if he were hungry, and expected to see a meal march through. Presently they came—both girls, Hannah first, radiant as a queen. Fanny had never looked so girlish in her life, I had almost said, for her girlhood had been crowded with care.

"Well, Uncle Joe, how do we look?"

He stood before them. Fanny caught his eye—a strange, new sensation welled up in her heart; she crimsoned—even trembled.

"Like frights, both of you!" and he turned away, abruptly.

"Now you have made Fanny unhappy," cried Hannah, maliciously.

He turned, quicker than thought, bestowed one curious look on Fanny's conscious face, wheeled back again, and bit his lip.

"We're not going till you say something pretty," persisted Hannah, enjoying some thought of her own—resisting Fanny's imploring glance.

"Good-night, then," and he almost ran from the room.

"He's horrid!" cried Hannah, laughing; "isn't he a bear?—did you ever see such rudeness?"

"It's his manner," said Fanny, quietly, with a little sigh.

They made their way through the throng of beauty and fashion. Hannah did her best by Fanny, but she could not help calling her, in her heart, such a quiet little thing, and presently was glad when Fanny found a corner, and wished to be left alone.

Fanny grew weary of watching—tired of the droning voices about her; but she enjoyed the music heartily.

"Have they left you alone?" asked a familiar voice.

She looked up; there stood Uncle Joe; but a radiant and fashionable Uncle Joe at that moment. She had never seen him dressed so elegantly—she had never known how very handsome he was.

"Let me show you some pictures," he said; And yet bewildered, she arose, leaning on his arm. He led her about the house as if he were familiar with it; lifted books from the shelves, to display rare engravings; talked of the fine arts, of poetry; bowed to almost everybody with the air of familiar acquaintanceship; in fine, her head was dizzy with the whirl of new emotions.

"So you have found out Uncle Joe!" whispered Hannah, at the close of the party.

"Hannah, tell me—"

"Not a word," was the laughing answer; "he would never forgive me."

But he told her that very night, going home—told her that he loved her, and had loved her long before she knew him.

"Do you remember the stranger who stopped at your Aunt Mag's for a glass of milk, one hot day?" he asked.

She remembered all the circumstances. Her aunt had been ungracious, but she had placed the best the house afforded before the weary traveller. It was Uncle Joe in disguise. He had heard of Fanny—of her hard life. He it was who planned the visit, and who learned to admire more deeply her beautiful character—under all the circumstances of her new experience.

"And, my dear, you didn't know it, but Uncle Joe is almost rich, and owns such a pretty home, the dear old fellow! I hope he won't play off any of his gruff tricks after you are married."

"He may if he wants to," Fanny said, smiling at the recollection of his odd sayings.

So after all, Fanny found she was not a cipher in the world, and Aunt Mag was very much astonished.

FEELING FOR STEPS.

BY ROSELLA.

Strange how little things will fasten themselves into one's mind, and stay there pertinaciously for days and nights!

One of these interlopers of thought has followed me for three days, and just now, when I put my hair all back tidily, and made myself presentable in clean collar and fresh morning dress, sitting down to write something for the "Home Magazine," this one idea, like the impertinent child of the household, thrust itself forward, crowding back more gentle things that were waiting to be said.

We have all seen the mother of the presuming child, as he leaned his elbows on her knee, pushed back the hair from his forehead, and look into his eyes steadily, and listen to his little talk, which generally ends with a kiss plump on his moist, rosy mouth, and a "Now go 'way, dear."

Just so will I walk this troublesome truant out before you, then bid him go his way. We don't know—we do see but blindly—he may be the bearer of good tidings for some one. People have entertained angels unaware.

I am afraid we women, wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters, are not doing half the good in our homes and neighborhoods that we ought to. We do not exert all our influence in the right direction. We are too chary of our kind words; they cost us nothing, and yet we treasure them to bestow on those who care not for us or ours, while the very members of our own households are hungering for them—the very aliment they crave. There are homes in which the members are devotedly attached to each other; their interests are all inwoven together, one love unites them, and yet, that love is kept hidden away from each other, as though it were a shame. There are no fond words, no certain proof whatever, that shows forth this kindest feeling.

This is all wrong. If you are proud of your brother, tell him so; if you love your dear sister, for whom no sacrifice is considered hard, tell her so. Speak kindly to the poor, plodding student—kindly to your domestics; say a pleasant word to the poor children, to the weary, overburdened mother, and the toiling mechanic, who earns bread for his little family by the sweat of his brow. Often, perhaps, the gentle word and sweet smile would do more real good than a nugget of gold. Who knows?

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Every heart has its own bitterness; the kind word, falling in season, might drive away a dark shadow, or save a fit of bitter despondency.

And of words, only words, we cannot be careful enough in checking the hasty, unkind ones that will come up when we are sad, or troubled, or irritable, or indignant. After they are spoken, it is too late; they can never be effaced; we may apologize humbly, tearfully, and may be heartily forgiven; but the sting will remain through all time; we have fallen irrecoverably in the esteem of our friend, who, perhaps, thought us far above the weakness and frailty that besets human nature. Nothing but the grace of God can keep us from this pitiable fault.

Let us try to avoid this snare; let us daily beseech His help and guidance. It is a great thing to keep one's self out of reach of these little annoyances, that worry and trouble us so much, hurting us all the more because of their very insignificance. The fact that they do hurt us, is humiliating, because they are such little things; if they were great, we could face them bravely, and feel like heroes. Let us study ourselves well, and seek to be armed at every point; and withal, let us endeavor to be true and faithful in all things, loving, and in turn beloved, pure of heart, so much as in us lies, working for the good of others, and thus securing our own happiness.

There is much for us all to do—plenty of work for hearts and hands, and but little time in which to do it. God helping us, we may, no matter how humble our spheres, work out for ourselves and those around us a brighter, gladder life, a richer inheritance, and a more glorious destiny.

PURE AIR.—A little sink near a kitchen doorstep, inadvertently formed, has been known, although not exceeding in its dimensions a single square foot, to spread sickness through a whole household. Hence, everything of the kind should be studiously obviated, so that there be no spot about a farm-house which can receive and hold standing water, whether it be the pure rain from the sky, the contents of a wash-basin, the slop-bowl, or the water-pail.

WHAT THE ANGEL SAID TO MABEL WRIGHT.

— BY MELICENT IRWIN.

The afternoon session of Mrs. Clayborne's Day and Boarding School for young ladies was about closing. Nellie Upham waited to ask aid from Miss Wright in translating a difficult page in Picciola. The corrections of a composition had been misunderstood by Carrie Nichols, and an explanation was asked before a final copy for the approaching reception should be made. Several waited for information, which, previously given, had fallen upon unheeding ears, and it was late before Miss Wright was able to tie on her little zephyr hood, and step into the refreshing air on her homeward way.

Tired, soul and body, she certainly was, yet without that healthy consciousness of being tired which comes to us in childhood; motion in the cold air was a relief; she felt as though she could walk on forever; and yet there was no exhilaration in the exercise; neither could she walk away from herself, which, in truth, she had a vague idea, would be a very pleasant thing to do. On, past the gay shop windows, bright with warm-hued fabrics or glittering with silver and gold and precious stones, meeting happy faces, friends linked arm in arm, mothers with merry children, groups of girls no older than herself, whose tasteful toilets, in blended tints, were poems in themselves, according well with the happy, satisfied faces of the wearers; on past these walked Mabel Wright.

It had been a gray, damp day; the lowering clouds brought early twilight, and lights here and there were beginning to appear. Mabel walked firmly, with a certain air of resoluteness which she did not feel. In spirit, she felt the need of a friend, in whose arm she could link her own. Her way seemed very solitary; yet, possessing many blessings, she would not murmur; and the consciousness of loneliness denied expression, seemed to flow along her veins with a benumbing, petrifying power. She was, in truth, reaching forth, faint and hungry, as human spirits sometimes will be, despite many blessings; she was longing for light, and beauty, and sympathy, and loving words. How the numb pain struck along her veins, to the very tips of her fingers. And so she walked on into a sudden flood of brightness that poured across her way from the spacious windows of the Middlebrook Bank.

Oblivious of passers-by sat Owen Fairfax, busy with his ever busy pen, at the high desk. What was there in the handsome, massive building, the room, the light, the warm brightness, that sent the blood in swift waves to Mabel's heart? Why did her step slacken from its quick, firm beat to a more measured tread? Why did she look with new interest at the manly figure and the well-defined profile she already knew by heart? It was a good, gentlemanly face, framed there in the window, sensible and kind, rather than otherwise. You could never, it is true, imagine such a face illuminated by any sudden enthusiasm. You could not expect any enterprise of great breadth to be originated, or any power of leadership to be developed by such a man; neither could you expect any great depth of sentiment or wealth of tenderness. But there was something kind, and refined, and proper, in the atmosphere of Owen Fairfax. He sat there, too, in the brightness and warmth which typified the way his life-path would lead; and Mabel, as we have seen, was hungering for warmth and brightness.

Mabel had said "No," to his suit. She had said "No" a second time, when it had been urged in his gentlemanly proper manner. But she knew a word, a tone, a look would bring him back from the distance to which her manner alone had banished him. She was very tired and solitary. How much those jets of brilliant light in which he sat, occupied and at ease, typified to her.

And yet one at all skilled in observation might ask what points of assimilation there were between the eager, sympathetic, aspiring soul of the girl and the sensible, kind, yet limited and prosaic tone of Owen Fairfax's character. How chafed and weary she had sometimes felt after even an hour of his society! How little the true soul congeniality there was, or ever could be between them! And yet, forgetful, for the moment of all this, a sudden temptation came to the girl's soul, and she slowly walked on into the shadow; on past the tasteful row of cottages, and the homes of more pretentious elegance, on up the steep road that lay along the hill-side into the shadow that deepened as she went. Passing these homes, day by day, she had sometimes

amused herself with pleasant fancies of herself and dear ones as denizens now of one abode, and now of another. How good it would be to gather them in under some spacious roof, or in some sweet nest of a home. She would plant a hedge here; she would throw out a balcony there; she would have such a wealth of vines in summer. But no such sweet imaginings came to her now. How lonely in its isolation looked the little brown house, perched in such a desolate way far up on the hill-side; that was the place she called home. How dark the clouds were, overhanging it; dark even unto blackness. The great hill was draped with clouds, but concentrated blackness hovered over the poor little dwelling. And Mabel Wright was walking right up into the blackness, literally and in spirit.

She was not staying herself with pleasant dreamings, earnest purposings, or outreachings of faith, as was oftentimes her wont. The chill atmosphere, so refreshing after the heated room, was yet stealing, with its dull dampness, into her soul; for Mabel was not the ideal she would be; she was simply herself, a tired worker, losing with swift flying years, life's best possibilities, and walking in weariness her solitary way.

"And to what purpose?" asked a spirit which invisibly accompanied her, speaking as the utterance of her own soul. "Is not the ideal good you seek to embody in actual life, a myth? Look where the way lies!" And in the woodland path that in its roughness stretched away from the street, Mabel seemed to see typified the barren path of the future.

"Think, what leisure for cultivation would be to you. Picture to yourself the delights of pleasant surroundings, of ability to go and come at pleasure; of being cared for, if not as you have dreamed, yet with kind, true thoughtfulness."

Mabel's step grew slower. The spirit that, to use language of the outer world, kept just behind her, seemed to hold her back from entering into the shadow. Just at this moment, with staid, measured tread, around the corner of a block came Owen Fairfax. What fatality had called him out to transact a matter of business in a by-street, almost simultaneously with Mabel's passing by?

"Give him a passing greeting, with cordiality in it," spoke the insinuating intelligence over her shoulder. "Will you do it?" Nearer came the two. A moment more and the recognition would have passed. What should be its character?

What should be its character?

A sudden uplifting of soul came to the girl. A prophetic vision seemed to open up before her. "Faith unfaithful" should never "hold her falsely true." Mental states, as by reflection, seemed to pass before her. Truth was the only sure basis of character or action. She breathed in a new soul atmosphere. The inner eyes of the spirit encountered spiritual eyes that darted into hers rays of light and truth, though she knew not of the angel that invisibly went before her, leading her on up the steep, into the shadow. Nearer sounded the measured tread. Past the big oak, under the wide-reaching branches of the maples. Only a few paces between them.

A bow, a searching glance under the uplifted hat, a courteous recognition, as usual, from Mabel—nothing more, and Owen Fairfax went his way, and Mabel Wright went hers.

The air had not lost its chilliness, the way was not less steep; but though her soul could not rise to their music, strong, true lines from the poets kept chiming in her soul—seemed spoken to her, rather than remembered by her. A sudden calm seemed upon her. Trifles that before had escaped her eye, assumed significance. She noticed, with a pleasurable thrill, the delicate tracery of the bare stems of the trees against the sky. She felt a sympathetic union with the gray chilliness as a part of God's good ordaining. The exceeding darkness of the mountain cloud seemed to resolve itself into harmonious shading the further she approached into the shadow; and so lifted up was she by the music chimes that seemed both quieting and rousing the soul's spiritual forces, that the sound of a few dry leaves on an oak by the way-side, seemed to her like the rustle of an angel's wing. And now she was quite beneath the cloud, even at the door of the desolate little dwelling, and she turned and looked backward.

The "clouds that had returned after the rain," and that made early twilight among the walls of the town, were being dispersed. The last gleams of a gorgeous sunset were gilding with resplendent brightness their flying fragments. Purple, crimson and gold were reflected from beyond upon the waters of the clear Champlain, gemmed with its many islands, and away beyond the mountains the glowing portals of the west seemed indeed the gate of the New Jerusalem. The shop lights glimmered out now in the transient brightness, marking the portion of the town through which she had just passed, and the din of bells, of arriving and departing trains, rose on the still, humid air.

All the disagreeable features of the town were

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lost at this distance, only fine buildings, handsome equipages and worldly prosperity were pictured before her in the conflicting lights. And looking down upon all this, a smile which was like soft radiance contended with tears that stood in her eyes, as the words found echo in her mind—"All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." And a voice which seemed the voice of her inmost self, but which was the voice of the angel standing invisibly beside her, spoke—"Sell not the pearl of your truth. Love, which is life, can breathe but in the atmosphere of truth. Thank God for His grace up to this hour; and remember it is from the cloudy steep of life that sights like these greet the spiritual vision;" and looking afar beyond the town, Mabel gazed upon the last most brilliant glow of the glorious west, and turned, before one heavenly tint should fade, that she might carry the picture in its bright perfection for a talisman.

Years after, when no longer solitary, light, and cheer, and love, in its rare and perfect truth, were Mabel's, she used to say, in recalling the sense of spiritual aid she received that night—as she spoke, looking with eyes full of gratefulness and trust into those of one whose life God had made one with her own—"John, I am sure an angel walked with me that night."

AUNT POLLY.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

Lowly rings the robin's lay,
And the garden plot is gay
With sweet pinks and early phlox,
And the green earth, decked by June,
Seems a giant music-box
Playing a celestial tune.

In the door-way, wreathed about
With wild woodbine, old Aunt Polly,
Worn, and gray, and melancholy,
With her blurred eyes, gazes out—
Watch her, Ida; you and I
May look like her, by and by.

She is deaf, and nearly blind,
And a haze is o'er her mind;
It is more than ninety years,
Blent with toil, and care, and strife,
Since, a weeper without tears,
First she drew the breath of life.
All were glad when she was born;
Friends congratulations proffered,
Public thanks the preacher offered,
On the coming Sabbath morn;
Now her kinsfolk wonder why,
Past her time, she does not die.

She grew up tall, handsome, straight,
With a gently form and gait,
Large, soft eyes of melting blue,
Rounded chin and Grecian nose,
And a cheek which wore the hue
Of the wild, sweet-briar rose.

She was belle of all the place,
And she wore a dress of lace,
Her own weaving, her own spinning,
And a kerchief trimmed with lace,
And red shoes—but you and I
Could not walk with heels so high.

And she smiled, and danced, and sung,
Lost her heart and married young.
Seven children, girls and boys,
Made her hearth a noisy spot;
Nameless sorrows, wordless joys,
Each one added to her lot.

Three died young, and one went down
Wandering far in paths of folly;
Fond, indulgent, then Aunt Polly
Felt misfortune's darkest frown—
Ah, dear Ida! you and I
Have not known life's stormiest sky.

Time went by; her husband died
Fall of years, and, by his side
Soon was laid their erring son;
Then two daughters dropped asleep;
Then her last born fell, and none
Now remains, with her to weep.
Tears and age made dim her sight,
And her ear grew slow of hearing,
And, when most she needed cheering,
Heartless memory said—"Good-night!"
Hindoo-like, her strength gone by,
Leaving her alone to die.

Chill for her the warmest days,
Mute the robin's sweetest lays,
Gray and grave, a wrinkled child
Without childhood's love of play,
Useless fancies, vague and wild,
Wear her weary hours away.
With her ever-clouded brow,
And her dreary melancholy,
Childless, lone, forlorn Aunt Polly
May the good Lord shield her now!
And guide us, when you and I
Find our summer days gone by.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs,
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can serve or save, but all can please,
Oh, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence,
Large bounties to bestow we strive in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.

HANNAH MORE.

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

BY C.

There is much in the scenery of the starry heavens to produce thought and contemplation, to raise the mind from Nature up to Nature's God, and to impress all, the most enlightened as well as the ignorant, with the greatness and goodness of that Being who created all things. The moon and stars are detached from this world, and they lift us above it; we feel withdrawn from the earth, and rise above this little theatre of human anxieties and passions. The mind abandons itself to revery, and is transferred, in the ecstasy of its thoughts, to distant and unexplored regions; it sees Nature in the simplicity of her great elements, and it sees the God of Nature invested with the high attributes of wisdom and love. The curiosity of the human mind is never satisfied, and the mechanism of the heavens has, in all ages, been the subject of much thought and diligent study; but it has been reserved for these latter times to resolve this great and interesting inquiry. The sublimest powers of philosophy have been called to the exercise, and astronomy may now be looked upon as the most certain and best established of the sciences.

We know that every visible object appears less in magnitude as it recedes from the eye, and the heavenly bodies appear small to the inhabitants of this earth, only from the immensity of their distance. When we speak of hundreds of millions of miles, it is not to be thought of as incredible; for, remember, we are speaking of those bodies which are scattered over the immensity of space, and that space knows no termination. The conception is great and difficult, but the truth of it is unquestionable.

The distance and magnitude of many of those bodies which roll in the firmament, have been ascertained by a process of measurement; the sun, which presents itself to the eye under so diminished a form, is really a globe, exceeding, by many thousands of times, the dimensions of the earth we inhabit; the moon has the magnitude of a world; and even the stars, which appear like so many lucid points to the unassisted eye, expand into large circles upon the application of the telescope, and are most of them much larger than the ball we live on, and to which we proudly apply the denomination of the universe.

No one can assign a limit to the discoveries

of future ages, or prescribe to science her boundaries, or restrain the active and insatiable curiosity of man within the circle of his present acquirements. The day may yet be coming, when the instruments of observation shall be inconceivably more powerful than they now are. Within the last century, very great improvements have been made in every branch of science, and greater may still be made, if men, in humility, and as docile children, wish to see the truth as it is in itself, in its divine order, and desire to bring the whole life into conformity to the truth. Then the methods of investigating natural science will be changed, for Nature will utter her secrets in her own voice, and men will listen, and clear their minds of erroneous impressions; for man has often ascribed to his own powers the secret operations of Divine Truth through Nature. The intellectual eye of man has been formed to see the truth, not to make it. Man must acknowledge that all his powers are from God, as the natural world is from Him. Science consists in the laws according to which natural things exist. All science is from Him who gave the ten commandments, and by living in conformity to them, the heart will be purified, and science will be its spontaneous growth; then man will understand Nature as God has made it, not as his self-derived intelligence would make it, and hidden things will be made plain.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

WHAT WE MARRY.—Some young men marry dimples; some ears; some noses; the contest, however, generally lies between the eyes and the hair. The mouth, too, is occasionally married; the chin not so often. Poor partners, these, you will own. Such as the marriage is, such is the after life. He that would have a wife, must marry a woman. If he can meet with one of kindred sympathies to his own, let him marry. But let him beware of marrying a curl, or a neck, however swan-like; or a voice, however melodious. Young ladies do also make some queer matches; they marry a high-heeled boot, a broadcloth coat that isn't paid for, a head without brains, and a mustache to take care of.

THE EGO.

BY CLARION THORNE.

"All our pleasure is spoiled now, for there comes the pink of perfection!"

Winnie Blye stepped back to give free access to the new-comer, whose purple dress she had spied through the half open door-way. The group of half dozen merely exchanged arch glances in answer to Winnie's remark, and turned to bid a pleasant good morning to the young girl, who coming up, took her place among them with the air of one who had a right to any position she chose to occupy. With an expression of disgust on her rosy face, Winnie drew back, pulling Jennie Carter with her.

"I do hate airs! She moves among us as if she were queen. Now she is not *one bit* better than I am."

"Don't get jealous, Winnie!"

"Jealous! indeed I am not; but I do hate to see her assuming so much, when I know any one of us is quite as good. Look at her now, taking that bouquet from Miss Pearl, and presuming to re-arrange it, when every body knows Miss Pearl's exquisite taste. Come, I'm not going to allow it!" Rushing up to the group who were now all absorbed in admiring the flowers their favorite teacher had just brought in to decorate the school-room, Winnie burst out indignantly: "Please don't let Mary Staid spoil that bouquet, after your own dainty hands have fashioned it!"

Mary looked up with cool scorn on her face, while Miss Pearl, placing her hand over Winnie's mouth, drew her away.

"Now that's too bad," broke out the impetuous girl, as soon as her lips could divest themselves of the seal thus fixed upon them, "if you had let me alone, I would have told her what I thought of her abominable egotism."

"And would only have gained her ill will."

"I shouldn't have cared for that, if I could have made her see that her own self is not the only atom in the universe. She acts on the principle that no one knows anything but herself. I verily believe she thinks you, Miss Pearl, are quite a numbskull beside her."

"Let her think so; I am willing, save in recitation hours."

"Well, I am not willing." Winnie stepped back and clasped her hands, bringing her two thumbs and forefingers together, "to give point to her remarks," she said. "I don't believe be-

cause some pompous individual chooses to take the middle of the room, and strut up and down with the air of a princess, we should all creep into holes and corners as if we were vermin. I for one, maintain I am not vermin, and what is more, I am not willing Mary Staid shall look upon me as such."

"Come, Winnie, you have free license to talk, so long as you are not personal; but it is against my rules to allow one girl to speak evil of another."

"Pardon me! I'll try not to offend again; but just tell me if you *like* to be set aside as if you had no taste, no mind, and in fact—to use little brother Charlie's expressive language—'no gumption?'"

"Certainly not. Every one should look upon his fellow as entitled to equal consideration with himself; and I think in general if we so treat our associates, they will, in turn, consider *our* tastes."

"May be in general; but in particular, Miss Pearl. I'm not going to be personal; but I know some folks—" giving the corner where Mary sat arranging the flowers, a sly glance—"to whom the more you defer, the more you may, until you are set down as stupid; and, honestly, would you think it advisable to give way, inch by inch, till you were accounted brainless? For my part, my brains are not so abundant that I could wish to be considered as having any less."

The girls laughed at this sally, for Winnie stood number one in her class; and before quiet was restored, Mary Staid, coming up, laid the bouquet on the desk. Miss Pearl noticed it was arranged precisely as it had been before, but said nothing. Mary had been unable to improve upon it.

"My dear girls," said their teacher, looking at her watch to see if it was school-time, "forbearance is undoubtedly the better way generally; but there may come times when we should stand up for our rights."

"Sword in hand," suggested Winnie.

"No, not so fiercely as that; at any rate, before we put ourselves on the defensive, let us be sure we have been attacked at all; and equally sure we have not been the attacking party. Since selfishness is the ruling sin of the world, there is a possibility even we may be tainted

with it. It would be well, as an experiment, to keep account of the number of times we use the pronoun I in one day."

"Ah! I am afraid some of us should never be able to enumerate the long line of figures!" Winnie folded her hands with a droll look of despair; then, in a half pout—"I don't believe you ever suffered from selfish people as I have, or your blood would boil, too!"

A peculiar smile passed over Miss Pearl's face. "My blood used to be as frolicsome as yours; but I am getting it tamed, now. The time has not been so very far distant when I was often compelled to bite my lips to keep back words which I fear would have been rather scalding. For three years I was associated with a woman who had but one idea—her own incomparable self. Were we at table, and praised her viands, it was sure to be demonstrated to us beyond the possibility of cavil, her way of preparing said viands was the only right way in existence; and she would describe to us very gravely, as though we had been all our lives in the backwoods, processes with which we had been familiar from childhood. Many a time has the assurance been given us that garlicky butter was caused by the cows feeding on garlic."

"And would you sit there demurely and allow yourself to be talked to as though you were a baby?" Winnie's eyes were all ablaze.

"Oh! had that been the only thing, I could have got along admirably; but she soon passed on to giving me directions how to do this and that, or—what I disliked still more in those days of girlish pride, the question—'Can you do that right?' prefixed to the slightest task I essayed to do, were it nothing more than turning a cup of jelly into a glass dish."

"Now see here, Miss Pearl"—Winnie could keep silence no longer—"do you think it is right to let one lord it over you in that style? I wouldn't submit to any such domineering."

The little foot came down with characteristic energy, and Miss Pearl, asking if the explosion was fairly over, went on: "The hardest thing I had to endure, was her perfect indifference to anything I might say. She would talk by the hour of herself, her family her interests, but the moment I ventured upon any remarks, her interest was all gone. Were we at meals, her eyes would be steadily fixed on her plate, as though her dinner was the very last she ever expected to swallow. Of course, my sentences were cut amazingly short, as I had no wish to intrude my thoughts upon her when she was so utterly regardless of them; and for the reason, I sup-

pose, that I wouldn't talk when not listened to, she thought me cold as an iceberg. It was hard—those years of struggling against the bitterness that would rise up in my soul; but it proved a wholesome discipline; it has made me watchful lest selfishness wrap my own nature around in its icy mantle—lest the I govern and control all my actions. Yes, I learned three very important lessons; first, however partial I might be to my own way of doing things, not to consider it the only right way, and look with disparagement upon the work of others; secondly, to listen attentively to those who were conversing with me, and show a greater desire to have them talk than to talk myself; and, lastly, not to make my own talk consist in recitals of the sayings and doings of the great I—first person, singular number, nominative case. Girls, how many of you would like to learn the same lessons?"

"I would."

Winnie looked up, and Miss Pearl saw there were tears in the soft brown eyes. Then she turned to Mary Staid, but she was moving away, casting, as she did so, a look of pitiful scorn at Winnie, which seemed to say: "You have great need;" so closely had selfishness wound his fetters around this girl, and yet so artfully, she thought herself untrammelled, and every one else bound.

Does Mary Staid stand alone? Alas! we must watch well our lives, lest we, too, become obnoxious to society because we live, move and breathe only in I.

A PRESENT SAVIOUR.

We may not climb the heavenly steep
To bring the Saviour down;
In vain we search the lowest deep
For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.
O, Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy way, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE TWO HOUSEHOLDS.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY ELLA LATROBE.

Bartholomew Bailey was as merry as a cricket. That is to say, he was merry when abroad from home, and surrounded by boon companions. And here we must make still another exception. There were times when the enemy that "steals away the brains" made Bartholomew quarrelsome in his noise. In the main, however, he was merry enough, save when at home. In his own family cheerfulness was the exception; moodiness and captious fault-finding were the rule.

Now, there is certainly no harm in being cheerful: A hearty laugh is good medicine—always provided that the mirth is honest and natural, and that it does not lead to such trifling with the actual duties of life as leaves the laughter, at last, in the lurch. That is no genuine cheerfulness which tempts to wickedness and wastefulness. Disregard for the proprieties, and carelessness of the duties of life, waste of time, of means and of health, cannot be compensated for by the reputation of being "a good fellow." Nor is it any excuse for a man that he is "his own worst enemy." He should be his own best friend. If he is not, he is furthermore the worst enemy that his family and those who depend upon him can possibly have. It did not a particle of good to Bailey's widowed mother; or to his wife, worse than widowed (since she had a graceless husband); or to his children, worse than orphaned (since they had a more sham of a father); it did none of them a particle of good that all the "fellows" said that "Bart Bailey was a trump."

He commanded good wages. He could do more in less time, and do it better, than any man in his line. If overwork was wanted, or great expedition, or remarkable neatness, Bart Bailey was the man—if you could find him. He never lacked employment—not even when his vagaries had rendered him almost intolerable to his employers. And yet his average pay was less than that of the merely industrious plodder, who had the sole and commonplace recommendation of being always ready and always reliable. He could command credit with the tradesmen, because he bought carelessly, and paid any price that was asked. That is, he promised to pay, and, when pushed, would manage that Paul should be quieted,

though Peter had to suffer for it. With a constant proclivity to dilemmas and difficulties, he had a wonderful adroitness in squirming out of them. And that, I take it, is about the most dangerous ingenuity of which anybody can boast.

Samuel Thorpe, his shop-mate and acquaintance, was nothing remarkable. His work was well done, but it was by extraordinary pains and diligence. He could not turn himself quickly. He could not readily get out of a difficulty, and he was therefore careful never to get into one. He had a horror of debt, and therefore earned his money before he spent it, and took especial care that his incoming wages should not be mortgaged in advance for what he had already eaten, or drunk, or worn out. Nobody said he was a "trump," and if any one had paid him that dubious compliment, he would not have known what was meant by it. People of the Bart Bailey stamp said he was "mighty mean." Perhaps he never knew what they said. And if he did know, he did not care; for he would rather take something home for all the household to enjoy, than "stand treat" for idlers who cared nothing for him, and for whom he cared as little.

It came to pass that Samuel Thorpe fell sick, and the misfortune could not, it would seem, have befallen him at a worse time. It befell at the end of a period of "slack work," when his earnings had been small, and his savings had of course been less. Whatever he had, however, was clear of the world. There were no unpaid accounts to harass him in his illness and his poverty. As he sat by his fireside, in constrained idleness, it comforted him to see, as he had never before seen, and to feel, as he had never before felt, what a crown to her husband was his virtuous, cheerful and busy wife. His joy may seem a homely joy to those who talk more of sentiment than they feel of reality; but he had a pleasure which kings might have envied in quietly watching the simple and unpoetic details of the home management. He observed how his wife converted the half-worn clothing of the household into garments as good as new; how the remains of one day's dinner came back on the next, retouched and enlivened, so as to be more savory than when

first cooked; how everything did double duty, and, in the double, was even more useful and acceptable than at first.

He saw his children, slipping in from school, and taking hold of whatever was ready in the house for their busy hands to do; as if the house were first, and the school were secondary. He saw them his way to school, when the hour came round, as if there were nothing in the world so important as their books. They engaged in amusement, as though for the time it were the business of life; and they attended to their work or their lessons, as if play were something for which they had neither leisure nor vocation. No doubt much of this order, system, and economy was due to his wife. But the wife of Bart Bailey, never could have accomplished it, with such a husband, even had she been twice the manager that Mrs. Thorpe was.

And how fared it, meanwhile, with Bailey and his surroundings? He had retained employment among the latest, both because he was a good workman, and because he always managed to keep on the wrong side of his employer's books. He had a back account to work off; and such accounts, like national debts, though they seem in process of liquidation, dissolve very slowly. Bailey's family diminished nothing of their expenses; for, if his credit was not strictly A. 1., his creditors hoped for ultimate payment by keeping him in a good humor. This is a dangerous process, by the way, when it involves continued credit, while the old account remains unpaid. As to Bart himself, idleness was a very expensive condition for him. He knew no way of spending time, but by spending money; and the fact that he was earning little, and might soon earn less, was so discouraging that he sought relief in wasting what little he could lay his hands upon.

Thorpe's family, through the long winter, never seemed to come to want; and Thorpe, all the time an invalid, coarse-minded people would have considered that he received charity; and coarsely-speaking people called him a beggar, though he never asked for money, for a loan, or for credit. He did live, in part, by the charitable good wishes and acts of his friends and neighbors. Where there is a will, there is a way, and Mrs. Thorpe found many little modes in which her hands, and those of the children, could be turned to account. Even Thorpe himself managed, prisoner in the house though he was, to add some trifles to their earnings, and more to their savings. Small superfluities which had been gathered in

his prosperity, were re-converted to money; and the purchasers being friends, for he had no false pride, paid fair prices. His employers, unsolicited, found a place in their counting-room for his oldest boy. Thorpe's dinner often came from the same source, with the innocent dissembling of an apology—"that a sick man's appetite is capricious, and he would probably like something not cooked at home." But the senders of the dinners evidently judged that though delicate as to quality, quantity would not disgust him, and Mrs. Thorpe's clever science made the sick man's dinner feed the household. The children of his friends seemed all affected with an abnormal increase of stature, for they were constantly outgrowing their clothing, just in season for his children to take up the still serviceable garments.

The clergyman, whose ministrations Thorpe attended, put a certain sum—not large, but very convenient—in his hands at stated intervals. At first the invalid was inclined to object; but the parson, kindly but summarily, put him down. "If this is not a right use to make of my relief fund," said the clergyman, "then you have been abetting wrong ever since I knew you. You have regularly contributed, and are now only receiving back your own money. You may re-deposit it with me when you get to work again, if you see fit, and I will give it a new turn, with somebody else."

And so, in many ways, which it were tedious to particularize, was the wolf kept from Samuel Thorpe's door. If he chanced to show his teeth, and peep in with a snarl, somebody was sure to see or to hear of it, who knew how to drive the beast away. An honest man, prudent, and industrious, Samuel Thorpe found the dreaded winter gone almost before he thought of it. The seed he had sown in charity and probity, bore fruit, and spring found him restored in health, and with even a kinder sympathy for human nature than he had possessed before his illness. He had learned, moreover, who were his friends.

The largest charity could not prompt him to include, among those friends, Bartholomew Bailey. Neither did Thorpe think of him as an enemy; or indeed, think of him at all. Bailey did nothing to keep himself in his memory. He could not go and mope in such a dull, prim house as Sam Thorpe's. "They ought to go to the poor-house," he said, "provided for such people. He had enough to do for his own, and he could not help those who never had any life or cleverness."

Bartholomew, indeed had enough to do. But

the worst of it all was, he did not do it. Bartholomew was a great politician and declaimer. He took refuge against the consequences of his own idleness and want of thrift in complaints and murmurs. He soundly rated and blamed society, and all existing things, for what was nobody's fault but his own. He liked theatres, balls, concerts, and suppers, and when not in some place of amusement, was misspending his time, and his money, if he had any, in some worse position. I am afraid that when people said that Bart Bailey was a good fellow, they must have meant good for nothing.

Like master, like household. Bartholomew Bailey's boys were "roughs," and his girls were slatterns. They never were at school, and yet they never seemed to be at home. They never worked, and yet, never seemed to amuse themselves in any orderly manner. They were indolent, listless, and when not in mischief, were simply vegetating. They never read, and of course could not talk, except of things which had much better remained unsaid.

A dreary house, indeed, was Bailey's, and the winter was a long one. To-day they were out of fuel, and to-morrow out of flour. Ragged garments and shoeless feet made the children uncomfortable, and the parents were in no better case. All the mother's and the daughter's finery still unpaid for, had found its way to the pawnbroker's. All the father's astonishing ornaments upon a red shirt—had been disposed of in like manner. The house was stripped of whatever could be spared, and of many things which should not have been. The proceeds of this pledging amounted to more than the whole income of Samuel Thorpe, gifts and all, and yet did not half maintain the slovenly family. Their pressing wants were supplied by shameless pleading at the shops, and by awful lying and prevarication.

Bartholomew's merriment went away with the song of the summer cricket. Haunted men are never merry, and Bartholomew was haunted and hunted. Not only the tradesmen, but his shop-mates, and all the acquaintances of whom he had succeeded in borrowing money, seemed to glower upon him; and "Pay me! Pay me!" followed him everywhere; the clock ticked it; the bells jingled it; the wheels rattled it; the footstep paced it; and the wretched man saw no shadow of peace, except while swallowing the fiery draughts which he could still sometimes obtain, for old acquaintance' sake. He might have worked at his business every day; but whatever he did, Saturday night brought only a petty dole, from employers out of patience at the long arrears in which he stood upon their books. Wherever he looked, and whichever way he turned, he saw no hope; and his cup was full when a positive notice to vacate his tenement was served upon him by his long-suffering landlord. And yet, Bartholomew Bailey had not been for one day incapacitated by sickness. Nor had there been a time when some employment was not ready for him.

"I saw Sammy Thorpe going by this morning," said one of the Baileys, at their meagre breakfast.

"What! have they turned him out of the almshouse, then?" asked Bartholomew. "He must have spent the winter there."

"If they have," said his wife, "it was done a week ago. I have seen him go by every day for that time; bright and early, too—before some lazy folks were out of their nests."

"Sam Thorpe's bed is not the only quick place in his house, perhaps," retorted Bailey.

"And may-be he can manage to get out of it without running against a dozen dirty children, and meeting a wife, who give him growls and dark looks for breakfast."

"Oh, yes!" rejoined the help-meet, "he has good health, is a full hand, commands good wages and work, while there is any. Of course, his wife is provided with all necessaries, and something extra."

"If you envy a pauper," said Bailey, snatching his hat, "I don't." And he rushed out, deaf to his wife's inquiries what they would have for dinner; whether he would have the boiled turkey served with oysters; or whether he preferred an alderman in chains—which is to say, a goose, garlanded with sausages.

Bailey's first thought was to push for a bar-room; but he could remember none near where the officiating genius would not look "pay," if he did not say it. And to go to a strange tavern without money, was of no use whatever. So he determined, by way of a change, to go to the shop.

Samuel Thorpe was there, one of the few hands employed. Bailey, without a word of greeting to him, or any one else, sauntered on to his own place. His unfinished job was gone. He looked round with a compound stare of anger and perplexity. Just then the foreman passed.

"Oh, Bailey," he said, "is that you? I have not seen you before for a fortnight. That work was wanted, and I gave it to some one else to finish."

"To Thorpe, I suppose," growled Bartholomew. There was no merriment in the voice in which that was spoken.

"Yes, to Thorpe." He came back, and right glad we were to see him out again. And I put in his hands the job we wanted most, sure he would not quit till he finished it."

"Joy to him; then, if he is well enough already to work off his dead horses."

"If you mean by that to pay by labor for money already advanced, Samuel Thorpe never had such a thing to do, since I've known him."

"Oh, well, kissing goes by favor, I suppose; and if you like a botch better than a good mechanic, it's none of my business."

"Come, don't be moody, Bailey, and vent your spleen upon poor Thorpe. It was not by his own wish that he took your work. And you shall have a new job, now, provided you will engage to keep at it until it is done."

Bailey, somewhat mollified by this tender, took hold of the work, though languidly enough. Nobody would have selected him for the fast workman—the admitted boast of the establishment. He was depressed, and absolutely without strength, in default of the stimulus which had become to him a necessity. His head ached, his hands trembled, his tools were mislaid, and, when found, unmanageable. He started once or twice for the door, and stopped, recalled by the thought that he had neither money nor credit. He thought of his comfortless home, and of the sad prospect of no dinner, and abundance of reproaches. At last he dropped down on a seat, and hid his face in his hands, the complete victim of despair, and forced at last to confess that he was in a difficulty to which he saw no outlet.

But, though Bailey had no greeting for Thorpe, Thorpe knew no reason why he should not speak to an old shop-mate; so he came up, commencing a conversation with an apology for having undertaken to finish what he knew he could not do as well as the man who begun it. Bailey would have repelled him, and indeed made an impatient gesture or so that way; but Thorpe would not be beaten off, and in a few moments the two were in busy conversation; Bailey, the well man, whimpering like a child, Thorpe, the invalid, seeming manly and cheerful in comparison. Will it be credited? Bailey asked to borrow a dollar; and Thorpe loaned it, making only one condition—that Bailey should forthwith buy and take home something for his own dinner!

We are afraid that Bartholomew deducted on the way home the price of one drink; but

as he did invest the residue as he promised, and did return at once to his work, it is best not to be too inquisitive. Neither is it worth while to record the sarcastic greeting which he received from his wife, inasmuch as the cooking of the dinner put her in good humor, and the eating in due time restored partial peace in the house. And Bailey came back punctually in the afternoon, also. He was surprised, and not overmuch pleased when requested to call at the counting-room before he went home, for he expected no good from it.

He fared better than he had expected. His employer became security for his rent while he remained steadily at work, deducting weekly from his wages the amount. In fact, he took the house himself, becoming Bailey's landlord.

And this was the turning point in Bartholomew Bailey's career. He has done better since, and has nearly removed his old indebtedness. Whether he will ever be quite out of debt, is yet to be seen; but there is hope of him, since at Thorpe's suggestion he has given up the habit of dram drinking, is no more a "trump," and indeed, is considered by all the "knaves" in the pack, almost as "mean" as Sam Thorpe himself! Mrs. Bailey is wonderfully improved, and so are all the younger ones; and if, as has been said, ill-naturedly by their old, but now discarded cronies, they go now to church to show their clothes, they exhibit at any rate a more proper costume than when they figured at cheap balls, in cheaper tinsel. I believe they go from a better motive, and am sure they are better people than when they never saw the interior of a church edifice.

Samuel Thorpe, has given the worthy parson an opportunity to give that money a turn, and much more with it, and he has circulated among his friends in need, the good offices which he himself received in his necessity. He is now foreman where once he was journeyman, and his boy has been advanced from grade to grade as clerk, till the next move, and that not far off, will be to an interest in the firm. All his family are doing well, and his good wife is the more notable a housewife, since she has more means to work with.

Mrs. Bailey seems to have borrowed a leaf from her neighbor's book, and all the Baileys are better for the good influence of Thorpe's unpretending but most excellent character.

Four things come not back; the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

DREAMING.

BY ERNEST R. REEFORD.

She sits in the open doorway
While the sun goes down the west,
With her kerchief folded smoothly
Across her aged breast.
Her hair is whiter than silver,
Once brown, and soft, and fair,
But the sunshine falls on its meshes,
And works strange changes there.
Her cheeks are wrinkled and faded
Where the roses used to blow,
That died like the roses of summer
In the winter's frost and snow.
Her hands in her lap are folded,
And her ball has rolled away
From her knitting-work, and the kitten
Is ready for reckless play.

Her eyes are afar on the landscape,
But she sees no living thing;
She is looking out into her girlhood,
Into her life's sweet spring.

She looks back into the spring-time
Of her long and peaceful life,
And thinks of its lights and shadows,
Of its doubts, and hopes, and strife.

And she thinks as she sits in the sunshine
This golden afternoon,
Of the beautiful moonlight evenings
Far back in a pleasant June,
When she used to stand by the gateway
And look at the silver stars,
And hark for the sound of a footstep
And the fall of the meadow bars.

Somehow, in those sweet, calm evenings,
There was something better than day,
For they hid the blushes and kisses,
And the words they had to say.

And then she thinks of the morning
When, clad in her robes of white,
She went from the home of her girlhood,
'Neath skies that were strangely bright,

To the pleasant and lowly homestead
Where their new, glad life begun,
And they started out on the journey
That ends when our life is done.

She thinks of the little children
That came to their pleasant home,
And cheered their hearts by their presence,
And prattled away the gloom.

And then there comes o'er the picture
A shadow that hides the sun,
And she sees the grave of their youngest,
Their last and their dearest one.

The years rolled on with their changes,
And the children are taller grown,

When a shadow worse than all others
Falls over the threshold stone.

She stands again by her husband,
While his bark of life sets sail
For the land of a Blessed Hereafter
Beyond this earthly vale.

She hears him say as he presses
The last kiss on her brow—
"You have loved me a long time, darling,
And I—I must leave you now."

She thinks of the dreary sorrow
That wrapped her lone life in,
When they laid him down in the churchyard,
Away from all care and sin.

They had worked and toiled together
For many a pleasant year,
And without him life was lonely,
But God gave her heart good cheer.

She read His Word and believed it,
And found sweet solace there,
And often talked with her husband
Through the means of faith and prayer.

Her children had grown, and their pathways
Lay all ways, near and far,
But one, who was most like his father,
Had kept his mother there.

She loved to look at his features
When his daily toil was done,
And think of that far-off season
When her work of life begun.

She had grandchildren, too, to love her,
And her warm heart took them in,
And grandmamma's lap was their stronghold,
That none could break within.

The sunshine drifted about her
Like a blessing from the skies,
And she woke from her sleepless dreaming
With a start that was half surprise.

The white, sleek kitten had tangled
Her ball in an endless coil,
And curled itself in the sunshine
For a rest from its merry toil.

She took up her life and her knitting,
And began where she laid them down,
While the sunshine wove in her tresses
Gold threads in the place of brown.

She looked away toward the churchyard
Where the grass grew fresh and tall
That sprang from the sods that covered
The one she loved best of all;

And she thought that ere long they would lay her
Away 'neath the grass-green sod,
And two lives be reunited,
Forevermore, with God.

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE.

BY HARLAND COULTAS,

Lecturer on Botany at the Charing Cross Hospital College of Medicine, London.

The geographical diffusion of animals is necessarily most intimately associated with that of plants; for herbivorous animals can exist only in those places where the plants upon which they feed are most abundant; and as the carnivorous prey upon the herbivorous races, the geographical spread of the carnivora becomes also inseparably linked with the diffusion of the plant creation. This state of mutual dependency appears to have subsisted from the beginning. The fossil remains in the most ancient geological formations would indicate at the commencement great structural simplicity in the organic forms of the animals and plants first created, and that both have gone on developing and increasing in complexity of structure simultaneously, from the earliest epochs of the creation.

Numerous illustrations might be given of the intimate union of the animal with the plant world. The following facts have been selected in proof, as furnishing material both novel and interesting:

Where a swamp is formed, the lapwing and other aquatic birds soon make it their habitation. Most birds have each a determinate species of plant which they select for headquarters, and many mammals; as for example, the squirrel, monkey, bear and sloth, generally associate themselves with some plant which they frequent for the food or shelter which it affords. The cross-bill was formerly foreign to England; but since pines have been introduced into that country, upon the seeds of which it feeds, it is now quite common. Partridges, before unknown in the highlands of Scotland, are now quite abundant there, since wheat and rye have been cultivated in those parts. The death-head hawkmoth (*Acherontia atropos*), once a rare insect, has become—in consequence of the cultivation of the potato upon which the larvæ feeds—much more plentiful. So, also, the geographical range of the common sparrow now extends into the kingdom of Siberia, since the monstrous deserts of that country have been brought under culture.

These few examples show how closely the plant world and the animal world are associated. If gentlemen of wealth and leisure, with a taste for natural science, would study

these associations, they might have in their hothouses and greenhouses not only the plants of foreign climes, but in some instances the curious insects also which frequent them in their native home. Mulberry trees have been cultivated, the silk-worms which feed on them successfully reared, and an impulse has been given to an important branch of industry. This principle could be carried out further; other insects, valuable for their beauty or their curious physical conformation, might be imported along with the plants. This, in fact, has been done recently in Scotland by Mrs. Blackwood, who succeeded, after surmounting many difficulties, in raising the walking-leaf insect (*Phyllium Scythæ*), from eggs which were sent along with the plant from India to Scotland. If other foreign insects, associated with the foreign plants, could be raised with them, a much more natural expression would be given to our hothouses, of which they are at present totally devoid.

If, turning our thoughts away from the land, we regard the waters of our globe, we find there animal and vegetable life in the same state of inseparable union. The algae are places of abode and sources of food for unnumbered animal forms; the smaller furnishing food for and helping to develop the greater, until at last we have those lords of the sea—the dolphin, shark, and whale. And not only in salt, but in fresh water, the union of animal and vegetable, is equally firm. The infusoria, mollusca, crustacea, and fishes in every brook, river and lake, are all associated with the plants which grow in their waters.

So, also, we have the most intimate connection subsisting between the insect world and the plant world. Everybody knows that nearly all plants support their own butterfly and beetle. This connection goes so far, that the insects in their changes follow in their relations the development of the plants. As from spring to autumn other plants appear, so, also, we have other insects. The same cause—solar heat—which causes the plants to spring up out of the earth, one after the other, awakens the insect life which feeds upon them. All butterflies first appear as caterpillars upon certain plants, the caterpillar leaving the egg when it receives

a certain determinate amount of the sun's heat, and the appearance of the butterflies is always simultaneous with the unfolding of certain flowers, upon the juices of which they nourish themselves. The metamorphosis of insects thus follow the changes in the plant world.

So, also, with flies and leaf-wasps. The last, especially, show the connection subsisting between insect life and plant life. They produce the so-called galls which we find so frequently on the leaves of the maple, willow, poplar, elm, oak and rose. The insect, having pierced the leaf, lays its eggs, and Nature forms for the eggs a habitation out of the wounded tissues of the leaf, whose structure, when examined with the microscope, is seen to differ altogether from the tissues of the leaf itself. In this manner the nutgalls of commerce (*Quercus infectoria*) are produced.

Lastly, it is well known that insects in search of honey are the unconscious agents employed by Nature to effect the fertilization of a great many plants, both hermaphrodite and unisexual; that is to say, plants having stamens and pistils together in the same flower, or plants having staminate and pistillate flowers. These insects convey the pollen from one flower to the other where the stamens and pistils are in separate flowers, as in the case of cucurbitaceous plants, or plants belonging to the gourd family, as the cucumber, for example, the female flowers of which are fertilized in this manner.

And the same relation which exists between plants and insects, obtains between plants and birds. Each tree, each herbaceous plant bearing fruit, has its own bird which it supports; for when the fruit ripens in summer and autumn, the birds usually breed at the same time. In the winter, for example, on the mountains, the pines ripen their seeds, and the cross-bill holds there, with her young brood, her Christmas festival. The humming-bird (*Trochilus*), especially, is a good exemplification of the organic union which subsists between the plant world and the bird world. The humming-bird is one of the smallest and most beautiful birds of the tropical forest; it always appears and disappears with the opening and closing of certain flowers, upon the honey of which it feeds. In some respect it may be regarded as the butterfly among birds; for, like that insect, it possesses a long, hollow tongue, which it introduces into the corolla, especially of the epiphytic orchids or air-plants of the tropics, in order to extract their honey. The toucan is another good instance of the adapta-

tion of the organization of a bird to that of the plants from which it draws its nutriment. Like the pelican, which is provided with a pouch below the bill as a receptacle for the fish which it captures, the toucan is furnished with a large hollow bill, sometimes most splendidly colored, for the preservation of the fruits on which it feeds. Again, grain-eating birds, as doves, possess a crop which answers the purpose of a store-chamber for their corn, from whence they can draw supplies during their long wanderings. Such birds as have hard fruits to open, are provided with a pointed, firm, hatchet-formed beak, and a powerful muscular neck to correspond. Others, which feed on grass, have a structure somewhat approaching that of the ruminantia among the mammalia. The goose, for example, has a beak which consists inwardly of powerful lamellæ or plates, for the purpose of crushing the grass, with long intestines and a powerful stomach, organized with an especial reference to its food.

It is unnecessary to enlarge on the structure of the digestive organs of those well-known ruminants, the cow, sheep, and camel, and their organic adaptation to the food of these animals. Without such adaptation of its digestive organs to the scanty herbage of the sandy plains which it traverses, the camel would no longer be entitled to be called "the ship of the desert"—a name so expressive of its value and utility to the natives.

Lastly, our subject may be regarded from another point of view, viz.: Nature has given to many animals a means of escape from their numerous enemies by rendering them similar in appearance to the plants which they frequent. The well-known leaf insect (*Phyllium*) is a case in point. In color and structure, this insect resembles the foliage of its food plant so strikingly, that it is seen with difficulty, except when in motion. It is the same with the common katydid, with whose noisy chattering on a summer evening all are familiar who live in the country. This insect, although so common, is seldom seen by day, because of a green color, and resembling the foliage of the plants among which it conceals itself. The tree-frog is so nearly the same color as the bark of the tree, that it easily escapes capture. Many caterpillars have the power of extending out their bodies in a right line, which they maintain rigid and immovable by a strong muscular effort. So stationed, they cannot be distinguished from one of the ordinary twigs of the tree, their food plant, and in this way they

escape being captured by the birds, their natural enemies.

A distinguished English poet has compared the earth, with its inhabitants, to a theatre, on the stage of which the drama of life is continually being acted and renewed. Each plant, each animal, has its part to perform in this great drama, and all are but unconscious instruments in the hands of the great Ruler and Director, whose power none can set aside, and to whom all Nature is subject.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

Ladies who deck their hair with mimic bloom, have, in general, little idea of the way in which those false flowers grew. They wear them, light-hearted, in the gayest scenes, and think not that they are transplanted from the saddest. They put forth their leaves and delicate hues in stifling garrets, in fetid back kitchens, or in hot, over-crowded factories, where the gas-burners are often without glass or shade, and gas-stoves are set on the table to heat the tools, while a hundred women and girls, from nine years old and upwards, bend over their hothouse plants. Some hold the hand-stamp, which cuts through sixteen folds at a time of the muslin or silk that is to make the leaves and flowers. Others vein the leaves by pressing them between dies, or paint the petals separately with a brush when the centre is to be left white. Most of them are busy with the finer work of constructing the flowers. They gum and wax, dust for bloom with potato flour, or with blown glass powder for frost; they twist paper or silk thread to the stalk, and make the foundation on which the petals stick. Slender wires are run through the blossoms, and a small goffering iron gives them their curl. All this is strange and fidgety work, especially by gas-light, with blistered fingers, thumb-nails worn to the quick, and the dust of paint and other material inflaming the eyes, and preparing patients for the Ophthalmic Hospital. The bright blues and carmines try the sight sadly, and the latter causes heaviness in the head. Arsenic green and verdigris blue are seldom used; but enough is left to poison the poor "flower-girl's" existence. She works in London fourteen or fifteen hours a day, and sometimes longer. After thirteen hour's work, girls often take home sufficient for two hours more.—*London Review.*

He who will fight the devil with his own weapons, must not wonder if he finds him an overmatch.

ICH WARTE.

BY ADA M. KENNICOTT.

I am waiting beside the river,

For the tide swells deep and strong,

And, somehow, I think the boatman

Will call for me ere long—

And if he should find me sleeping

When he comes in a time unknown,

How do I know but the Master

Would leave me to cross alone?

His face, of heavenly sweetness,

Might be turned away from me,

And the flash of his parting pinions

Be all that I could see—

And oh, I should fear the darkness

And the river's dreadful moan!

I must never cease from watching,

For I cannot cross alone!

Do you ask me why I am looking

For the shadowy sail to come?

How do you know, on a journey,

When you are nearing home?

Do not the lights behind you

Fade into dullness gray?

Is there any voice could win you

Out of the shortening way?

One by one, into darkness,

All of my life-lights fade—

Dim is the once bright pathway

Earlier footsteps made;

Voices that once could charm me

Loveless and worthless grow,

Only across the river

Is music sweet and low.

So, on its banks I am waiting,

Where the tide swells deep and strong,

For it may be the solemn boatman

Will call for me ere long—

And he must not find me sleeping

When comes that hour unknown,

For then, I fear, the Master

Would leave me to cross alone.

"A lighted lamp," writes M. Cheyne, "is a very small thing, and yet it giveth light to all that are in the house," and so there is a quiet influence, which, like the flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance.

Seek for some great thing to do; and where will you discover it? Set to work at a great reading, a great visiting, a great writing; and what have you achieved? Yet try silent and steady working, and then how vast the achievement!

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.

BY JANE C. DE FOREST.

We are *all* growing old.

"Not so," replies the happy youth, as he bounds gayly along, his bright face beaming with fond hopes and anticipations.

"Your pardon, good mentor," answers a lovely young woman. "What a strange idea for a sensible person to advance. Where is the evidence of *my* increasing age?"

Still we repeat that we are *all* growing old. Each year carries us on towards the winter of life, each month brings its new duties, each day its joys and sorrows. Every tick of the clock adds to the weight of moments, for which we are to render an account. How few and short are the years which transform the gleeful child, into the feeble, tottering old man. Then who shall deny that we are *all* growing old? and if true, are we doing so gracefully? Is each year developing more surely in our lives all that is lovely and of good report? Does the mild-faced moon, as month after month, she sheds her mellow light along our pathway, find us making, perhaps, slow but *sure* progress in self-culture? Does each day's glad sunshine teach us to build carefully with good deeds and kind words, the structure of our characters? Or does day after day, and year after year, find us groping, oh! so wearily, in the darkness of our natural hearts, and among the turmoils and temptations of the world, our spirits jarred and fretted, and the harmony of our souls destroyed by life's unceasing strife. Do we, like brave and valiant soldiers, buckle on the whole armor and fight manfully against all the evil which assails us, coming off more than conquerors? or, like pitiful cowards, are we shirking along in the rear, hiding behind the sins of one and another, yet often sadly wounded by the shot and shell, which have passed harmlessly over the heads of our braver comrades?

How grand and inspiring the possibilities of life, when with loving reverence, we strive to follow the guiding hand of the All-Father! How sad its wreck, when with no firm hand at the helm, our life-ship goes down among the breakers, and is engulfed in the "blackness of darkness forever." What more beautiful than a serene and happy old age, when, having "fought the good fight," the veteran awaits in calmness the crown which is laid up for him? But the saddest of all sights, is the old age which follows a mispent life. The bleared eyes, discolored features, shaking form, and

often extremest poverty, show too plainly that the golden moments have been wasted, and now, with no hope for this world, and seldom any for the next, this worse than useless being closes his miserable existence.

Oh! the sinfulness of living in the world without having made it any better, without perfecting our own hearts, or helping others to live nobler, purer lives. Yet how few in their strivings for fame, wealth, and the high places of earth, ever pause to ask themselves if they are growing old gracefully? if the weight of years brings an increasing weight of wisdom? if they are doing aught for the welfare of the human race, and to advance them to a more elevated plane of existence? What wonder that we lose faith in human nature, when we daily witness the false aims of those who know their duty all too well. Ignorance is a plea that but few can offer in this enlightened age and country. Yet who would think it?—"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not," will be the knell of hundreds, whose education and abilities might have enabled them to be lights unto the world—to have stood out like flaming torches all along the world's great highways.

"Lost, lost—all lost! life an utter failure!" has been the dying testimony of many of earth's most favored ones. This short span of existence, which is allotted to us here, had not been to them a period of preparation for a higher life, a time for such cultivation of mind and heart that when the Master called, they might go joyfully, bearing their sheaves with them. Selfish in the use of all their powers, they could not expect to be welcomed as good and faithful servants. Shall not their lives so sadly wasted, warn those who have their destinies yet in their own hands—who may if they see fit, grow old gracefully; to put forth their energies in such a manner, that be their abilities great or small, their years few or many, they shall be, when called to go hence, like "a shock of corn fully ripe?" Shall there not be such an enthusiasm among those of the rising generation, that on every hand we shall hear the cry—"What can I do, for the good of the country and the world?" Life would then become to us, *not* the same dreary desert it often has been to many, but rather a green and fertile lawn, where silvery streams meander, and fragrant flowers bloom, blessing every eye with its exquisite beauty.

THE NEED OF CHANGE.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

With a love of variety inherent in her composition, Mrs. May is dying of monotony. It is this that causes her nervousness—her languor—her dyspepsia—the numerous ailments that occupy her mind and poison her pleasure from morning till night. I doubt if she sleeps well and has pleasant dreams. Indeed, I have heard her say that she does not. She lives in a retired spot, sees little company, and never goes from home. *Never*, I said. It is so seldom as to be almost never.

What if she has a pleasant house, and pleasant surroundings, if she never sees anything else from one year's end to another? What if she has a good kind husband—if she sees *only* him come in to his meals three times a day?—what wonder if she should tire of him sometimes? Do not people tire of *themselves*? and they need a change from the society of even their dearest friends, though they may love them just as much. The sweetest music played forever in our ears, would become "horrible discord."

I remember being confined to one room once, till the very pattern of the paper on the wall seemed to make an impression on my brain—like the drop of water—drop—dropping on one's head, which is said to be so torturing if long continued. The furniture tired me to look at it—it had been making the same impression on my brain for so long. The view from the window was tiresome, like those scraps of poetry we sometimes repeat and repeat—till they seem to wear ruts in our brains.

Yet the pattern of the paper was pretty, the furniture was nice, and the view from the window pleasant. Indeed it was picturesque, combining a good deal of variety—was as handsome a picture as you will often see. But I knew it all by heart; every tree, and glimpse of water, and rock, and plain, and hill; every house, every window and door in every house, had an expression of its own, and had spoken to me in the same language—oh! so many times, till I was so weary, and fain would have shut the whole scene from eye and mind. But still I did not seem to have the power. It seemed to draw me, to fascinate my attention in spite of myself. I would stand at the window, or sit where I could look out; and regard every feature of the landscape with as much earnestness as though

it was new to me, and gave me the greatest pleasure—going over and over it, and not seeming able to withdraw my gaze from it.

After an absence of a few months, returning, room and landscape were pleasing to me. Do we not tire of our food, if it present too great a sameness? And variety—a *change* in mental and social food is just as necessary.

There is a difference in people. Some require a greater variety than others—weary sooner of sameness. It depends a good deal upon the activity of our faculties, and their culture, which makes each one crave more strongly its particular stimulus, and aliment.

We occasionally meet with a sluggish nature, which seems able to *hibernate* contentedly; but such are rare, and not to be envied. Health often fails because this matter is not understood—health of body and health of mind.

How often I have seen these weary ones—wary of home sameness—after a journey of a few weeks, return so invigorated in mind and body, so brightened in eye and cheek, so strengthened in step and tone, so improved in hopefulness and elasticity of spirits, so much better satisfied with themselves and all around them, as hardly to seem the same. I have remarked this to them sometimes. "Oh, yes; I feel better," they would say, yet without reflecting upon and attaching that importance to the change which it merited. Perhaps in a little while subsiding into the old ways—falling back into the old languor of step and tone, relapsing, perhaps, into despondency or depression, giving way to an irritability and dissatisfaction that had been habitual. I have wondered, when people were situated so they could, that they did not take these life preservers, and exhilarators oftener—that they should so soon forget their effects, and relapse into the old monotonous, joyless life.

Sincerity is like travelling in a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by crooked ways, in which men often lose themselves.

There is many a slip between the cup and the lip; but there are many more slips after the cup has been drained by the lips.

PAULINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

CHAPTER VII.—A LETTER FROM EARLE RICHMOND.

"MY DEAR PAULINE:—Tell me that I am a pattern young man—one among a thousand—to sit here in my dingy office after the labors of the day, inditing a letter to a far-off little girl who doesn't more than half approve my aims and projects in life, while just outside, the devil, in his most bewildering guise, with his cloven foot so cunningly hidden that hardly any one but a saint would have a suspicion of it, is wooing me with blandishments to which I frankly confess my nature is not so wholly proof but I find myself now and then trying to demonstrate that it would be right and proper for me to yield. And when a man begins to reason that a thing is right, simply because he feels inclined to do it, Satan has found a pretty powerful advocate and attorney, whose services he will be apt to retain for a term of life, and reward with the honors of his own kingdom, unless he have an opponent in the person of one good, pure, lovely and beloved, as happens in my case, and as does not happen in the case of many an ill-starred youth who runs with swift feet the broad road to destruction. I find here in this infant city of a new state all the advantages on which I counted to assist me speedily to power and place, but I find also certain disadvantages affecting my advancement in another direction, and one quite as important in your eyes, if not in mine. Where the standard of morality is so exceedingly low, and the 'nice young man' so decidedly unpopular, as happens here, a fellow glides almost insensibly into a course of life that at home, in his own little Puritanic town, would very soon gain for him a reputation by no means enviable. Not that, at heart, he is a whit better there, but reverence for public opinion helps him to hold his evils in check, and nobody suspects, perhaps he himself scarcely knows of, what quality he is until a change of circumstance reveals him in his true light.

"There is Earle looking into his own heart," I fancy I hear you saying; but, my dear, if you could see, as I have seen, men who at home are well-ordered, law-abiding citizens, flinging off every restraint and rushing into all manner of dissipation as soon as they come into a community like this, where the grossest immoralities are viewed with indulgence, you

would conclude that my judgment is not based altogether on suspicion of my own motives.

"Am I trying to convince you that I am no worse than other men if I yield to the persuasions of evil, when to do so lessens in no wise the esteem and confidence of the people with whom I have chosen to cast my lot? Just as plainly as though I talked to you face to face, I see your fine eyes flashing with scorn, and hear you asking in a voice that cuts straight to one's consciousness—'Is virtue, then, a mere stock in trade, dependant on time and place for value, and desirable as a possession only in communities where you cannot make your way without at least a show of it? And do you hold it so loosely, and esteem it so lightly that you can assume or cast it off as serves your purpose, and suits the company into which you chance to fall?'"

"Thou keen little detective, that will have the truth out of me whether I will or no, I answer, holding up my hands deprecatingly, it is because I do reverence virtue for its own sake, and would possess it for no other reason, that I am able to comprehend the dangers of which I have spoken, and to recognize the necessity of constant watchfulness and struggle, lest, following the bent of my nature, I sink morally to the level of those people on whose shoulders I expect to rise to the position of power and influence that I covet.

"But, to my reverence for virtue would I sacrifice my ambition, and be content to walk in humble obscurity all my life? There you press me too closely. I do not like to turn my gaze too much inward lest my mind be distracted from the aim towards which all my energies are directed, as they must be if anything is to be gained. A man who is always afflicting himself with too nice questions of right and wrong, is fettered in every movement, and cannot enter into any work with his whole heart and soul. There is a scent of evil continually in his nostrils, and he weighs, and considers, and pauses, and reflects, and, through doubt, delays his action until the opportunity is lost.

"The way I have chosen to power and distinction among men, lies, I know, through dangerous places, full of cunning pitfalls and foul with corruption, and it will be with a thousand chances against me if I reach the goal at which I aim with garments unspotted by the pollution

through which I must pass; yet I confidently hope to do so. One thing is certain, having set my mark so high, I shall take good care that I do not return to you in the character which you once playfully prophesied that I would—that of a swaggering, blustering, bar-room politician. How you would taunt me! You?—no, you would never do that; you're too generous. But I have an old habit of addressing you as if you were my conscience—of reasoning with you, and of trying to demonstrate the purity of my motives as if you had impeached them, which, in so many words, you have not. I have a curious impression that you are acquainted with all my thoughts—that you know with all this stretch of land and lake between us, the things I do, and contemplate doing, and many times when I sit in secret council with myself, I am startled by your voice speaking with very clear emphasis in disapproval of my plans. And you not only speak, but you appear. More than once your uplifted finger has checked me in the utterance of some unworthy sentiment, and your face flashing between me and temptation, has saved me from many a shameful fall.

"I cannot tell how it is, but I think your efforts, from youth up, to develop and strengthen conscientiousness in me has given to that quality your own form and expression, and that it will always move me by your voice and look.

"Well, sister-heart, had I not better turn the leaf on confessions and justifications before I quite weary and disgust you? I might think I had done that already, if I had not always been accustomed to talk to you as frankly as if you were my familiar, for of late your letters are grown as rare as angels' visits. Does the quality of mine repel you, or do your new duties engross you quite?

"Pray, how are all the good people at home, and how comes on the father's iron mine?

"E. R.

"P. S. You see, woman-fashion, I have reserved the weightiest communication I had to make for *postscriptum*, because to have given it a more (less?) conspicuous place in my letter might have subjected me to the charge of vanity. Behold the transparency of my motives! I have just gained the most important suit which (they tell me) has ever been tried in the courts here, and my legal reputation is thereby pretty thoroughly established in these parts. E."

CHAPTER VIII.—AFFLICTION.

It was just like Earle, Pauline told her invisible companions, as she folded up the letter

and moved from under the drooping boughs of a great butternut by the roadside, where, on her return from the village post-office one sultry August eve, she had paused a few moments to rest, and glance at her slender mail.

The sun, which all day long had burned with fierce heat in the brazen heaven, had fallen behind the hills, and the light breeze, springing up with coolness and refreshment on its wings, was so grateful to the sense, that she loitered slowly along the secluded country road, coming now and then to a full stop to watch the shifting shapes of the crimson-tinted clouds in the west, or to listen, with tears trembling in her eyes, and heart thrilling with nameless aspiration, to the hermit-thrush, singing his sweet holy vesper hymn in the still cloisters of a neighboring wood.

But the red light fading slowly from the clouds that began to stretch in long, pearl-gray lines across the sky, warned her to quicken her steps, and sent her straying thoughts forward with a little shiver of dread, to the strange lodging-place, where, that night for the first time she was to seek rest and entertainment. Singular, she said, that after more than three months' experience she was as little reconciled to her wandering mode of life as in the beginning, and still felt herself an unwelcome intruder in homes where she had no right—a kind of vagrant, subsisting upon the charity of the people. And it must be confessed that, except with the children, Pauline was no great favorite at Hemlock Hollow. "A well-disposed person enough, but so odd, and no company"—*id est*—no gossip. What could the tattling dames and damsels do with her? That she did not have a proper appreciation of their society was evident, too, from the practice she had fallen into, since permitted to draw upon the rich resources of the Bryan library, of remaining in the school-room, long after the close of the exercises, to read and study—a proceeding which just barely escaped being defined as scandalous by the orderly matrons who grew impatient over waiting suppers, and were only half mollified by the offender's humble apologies, and earnest entreaties that they would take no thought for her in future when she came so late, but give her simply a bowl of bread and milk, which would be as good as a feast.

So it was with some self-chiding for her tardiness that night, and some misgivings as to the kind of reception she would meet with from her prospective hostess, that she settled her hat firmly on her head and turned her face resolutely in the direction of Widow Smith's cottage.

just as a figure, stiff and solemn as a tombstone, stalked up to her side, and a voice with a graveyard echo in it, pronounced her name.

She looked up with a bright smile, and responded to the salutation in tones clear, jubilant and inspiring enough to put springs into the feet of even Silas Weathergreen. The spirit of his greeting, if it had breathed itself in other than the accustomed form of words, would have said—"So, sister, fellow sufferer, we are yet sojourners in this wretched world of sin and sorrow;" hers, cutting the air like the notes of the rising lark—"Hail, brother, fellow pilgrim! behold how pleasant is the way that leads us up to the King's Courts!"

The theory of the attraction of opposites furnishes the only explanation of the reverend gentleman's motives in seeking Pauline's society so constantly and persistently as he had done since the first day of their acquaintance. He could not have told how it was—would hardly have been willing to have admitted the fact in so many words—but an interview with her stirred and aroused him more than a day's poring and meditation over the profound mysteries of justification, election and atonement. She affected him like an electric shock—startled and shook him sometimes with the frank expression of her contrary opinions as if a bomb-shell had burst at his feet. But the state of excitement into which she was certain to throw him whenever they met, had no sooner subsided, than he felt a restless desire to see and converse with her again. He had her spiritual welfare so much at heart, he explained to himself, that he wished to improve every opportunity to convince her of her errors and convert her to the true faith. And Pauline had grown more tolerant and forbearing toward him—listened with less sternly compressed mouth while he dogmatized and laid down the law to her, setting herself to study out his redeeming qualities, and finding the worst part of him that which he accounted the best—his religion.

Let no one take alarm at this, and imagine that the young lady here imperfectly sketched was inclined to irreverence and scepticism. Heaven forbid! If I have been so unfortunate as to give any reader that impression, I have falsely represented her. For the religion of Christ, pure and undefiled, revealing itself in works of love and mercy, tender, charitable, broad, helpful and forbearing, she felt the profoundest reverence and affection, the intensest aspiration to know and possess; but for the base counterfeit, that confesses itself in words and not in deeds, that makes long prayers, and

gives pious admonitions, while it is inwardly plotting to wrong, defraud, and take unjust advantage of a brother—that is full of wranglings, disputings, jealousies, uncharitableness, intolerance, ignorance, superstition and bigotry, she entertained not the slightest respect, and professed none. But because the law of Christian charity enjoined her to bridle her tongue, and refrain from saying aught that could wound or offend another who held opinions antagonistic to her own, the persecutions of her clerical friend were, in a measure, useful to her, as serving to educate and strengthen her in the virtues of patience and forbearance, and show her the danger of distorting the truth by taking too narrow and one-sided views of it.

Verily, the people with whom we come in daily contact, whose tastes, feelings, principles and habits of life, being at variance with ours, rasp, and chafe, and irritate us unnecessarily many times, are our educators and helpers, if we will make them so. (Does not the reader think I am furnishing an illustration in point by this tedious habit of digression which, intolerable in itself, invites to the exercise of patience and endurance?)

To return to the Rev. Silas and Pauline, walking along the shadowy road together; for the former, having learned his friend's destination, suddenly recollected that he owed a pastoral visit at the same place. As the gentleman was launching into his favorite subject of conversation, the Bryan coach, returning from the station, laden with a fresh supply of summer guests, bore down upon them, and Kitty, radiant with the joy of meeting a little friend from whom she had been long separated, leaned out to salute and fling a kiss from her fingertips to her beloved Pauline. A swift, sharp pain darted through the girl's heart, and she stretched forth her arms with an inexplicable impulse to clasp and save the beautiful child from some impending danger—she knew not what; but the carriage dashing rapidly on, hurled the sparkling face speedily out of sight, and her straining eyes, with a look of terror in them, were gazing into vacancy.

"Do you not yet comprehend this truth that I have been so long seeking to impress upon your mind?" How far-off sounded the Rev. Silas' voice—how impossible to recall the matter of which he had been speaking.

"I—pardon me, Mr. Weathergreen!—I believe I have not heard a word of all you have been saying," she began, apologetically.

A crash, a shout, a woman's shriek interrupted her, and chained her feet an instant

to the ground, while she looked with fearful eyes through the gathering dusk into the blanched face of her companion.

"Good Heaven! what was that, Miss Dudley?" gasped the Rev. Silas, through chattering teeth.

But without stopping to reply, Pauline, released from the sudden paralysis that for a moment deprived her of power to speak or move, darted down the road, which, making a short curve a few yards ahead of her, plunged into a wooded hollow, whence the echoes told her, the sounds they heard had proceeded. Here the deep, strong channel of a stream, reduced by the summer drouths to a trickling thread scarcely visible in the shadow of its high banks, was spanned by a bridge, which being at that time in some stage of repair, had been left, temporarily, unguarded upon one side, exposing the unwary traveller to a danger which Pauline, flying towards the spot, tremblingly surmised had befallen her friends.

The nature and cause of the accident became at once apparent as she reached a point in the road commanding a view of the shady, lonesome ravine. A workman's forgotten coat fluttering from an upright timber, had frightened the spirited horses as they came midway upon the bridge, and springing violently aside, before the heedless driver could gain control of them, they had backed the carriage, with its precious human freight, into the chasm below.

Groans and fearful exclamations smote upon her ears, but her eyes could discern only a moving mass of shadows as she looked down into the gloom, with thought flashing with lightning swiftness over the ways and means of rendering assistance to the unfortunates.

"The Lord help them!" said a sepulchral voice at her side. "Let us pray for the poor distressed souls."

"Aye, friend Silas, with our hands, and with our feet, and with the strength of every faculty that God has given us," she cried. "Yonder is a place of easy descent into the gorge. Go you down and give what aid you can to the sufferers, while I hasten to bring others to their relief."

Swiftly, as if her feet were winged, she sped up the hill to the Lodge, returning in an incredibly short space of time, accompanied by young Bryan and two or three field-laborers, to find the Rev. Silas still pacing back and forth upon the bridge, dropping down words of consolation to the afflicted ones, and beseeching the Lord to have mercy upon them, and to help them out of their distressing dilemma.

"Lend a hand, man; the Lord does not work without instruments," one of the men said, passing him with long strides; but holding fast to his profession, working, as he believed, in his own proper sphere, the worthy Silas prayed the louder, and consoled the more.

The whole party proved to be more or less injured by the fall, but none so seriously as Kitty, who was the last drawn from the wreck, showing to the anxious, straining eyes that watched for her, a fearful wound upon the head, and a face white and ghastly from the greeting kiss of death.

Pauline, kneeling upon the bank, received the insensible form in her arms, staunching the flow of blood from the frightful cut, and seeking breathlessly for some ground whereon to build a hope, while George, with lips as pallid as his sister's, but with voice clear and firm, was giving quiet orders to his assistants, despatching one for the nearest surgeon, and sending others for conveyances to bear the injured ones up to the Lodge.

"Poor stricken lamb!" he said, brokenly, at last, pausing before the kneeling form, with the white face pressed against its bosom. "She is beyond earthly help."

"It may not be so," Pauline replied, covering from his sight the deathly wound and the fair hair dappled and clotted with blood. "There is life, and, therefore, hope."

He shook his head sadly, kneeling down and slipping his arm tenderly under the beloved burden, his face convulsed with the anguish that he was striving to suppress.

"I am thinking of the dear ones up there," he said, in tones constrainedly calm. "They are not prepared for anything like this."

Pauline shrank away from the eyes that sought hers with a look of appeal, and her heart grew sick and faint with thought of the thing required of her. How could she show to the loving mother and sister the stain upon her hands and bosom, and tell them it was Kitty's blood? But she drew her arm from beneath the child's drooping head, and struggled to her feet, returning faintly the agonized pressure of Bryan's hand, and hearing, indistinctly, as she moved away, his husky voice murmuring a low "God bless you!" How heavily her feet dragged up the hill, the hardness of the duty imposed on her seeming to increase with every step, until at the door she stood almost fainting under the burden of her cruel message.

Next to being the receiver, what is sadder than to be the messenger of evil tidings? In what manner her task was performed, she could

never clearly tell; but the echo of Amy's heart-rending cry rang in her ears, and the vision of Mrs. Bryan's ashen face swam before her eyes for weeks afterwards.

Such a night as followed, lives in the memory ever after as a fearfully troubled dream, of which, if we speak at all, it must be with hushed, awe-stricken voices, and with hearts quivering afresh with the awful agony that long ago dried up the fountains of our tears. The gay company of guests found the house of mirth suddenly changed to the house of mourning—the voice of laughter, to the voice of weeping and lamentation. Groans wrung by physical suffering from friends whose coming had been a little time before so joyfully anticipated, echoed from room to room, mingling with the wails of mental anguish that broke from the lips of those who watched the laboring breath of Kitty come and go with agonized moans that were like dagger-thrusts to their hearts.

"Is there no help?"

The kind physician, standing by the bedside of the stricken child, averted his face from the intense eyes of the questioner, finding, as he had often found, the saddest, sternest duty of his profession to forbid hope.

Then another anguished voice, pleading against denial, quivered along the words—"Oh, doctor, can you not save her?"

Never in his life had he felt a more crushing sense of human impotence. "God comfort you, friends! No power on earth can save her—there is no help!" he spoke, at last in low, tender, compassionate tones; and if it were possible for Christian love and sympathy to soften the blow of such words, these had been without power to hurt.

No passionate outcry followed; only the clasped hands were clinched a little tighter, the shadow of pain gathered deeper upon the bowed foreheads, and the burning, tearless eyes, that had sought in vain for a gleam of hope in the doctor's sad face, darkened with a look of intense suffering.

Ah, God! if ever there be a time when the unchastened heart rebels against Thy ordinances, it is in the death hour of one precious and beloved. While body and soul hold together, it seems impossible to relinquish hope—to yield resignedly to the invisible power slowly drawing away the spirit that we love, leaving in our arms only the pallid, senseless, irresponsible clay. It must not be. It cannot be. It is an awful, agonizing dream, from which we shall presently awaken. If it were a reality, we think we could not live. * * * And yet it is a reality, and yet we live, to learn

that God lays no cross upon us which He does not give us strength to bear. * * * *

It was all over at last. There was nothing more to hope or fear. The feeble, flickering spark of life had gone wholly out, and in the gray dawn, with the failing light of the lamps casting a ghostly glare over them, the bereaved ones sat looking mutely and tearlessly into the still, white face, that would brighten with the smiles of love no more forever.

Oppressed by the solemn mystery with which one seems never to grow familiar, Pauline, seeing for the moment no office to perform, stole out through the open window upon the balcony, baring her aching forehead to the cooling air and murmuring under her breath a prayer for the sorrow-smitten souls to whom, in that hour, all spoken comfort was but mockery.

As she stood watching with heavy eyes the slow break of morning, which always comes up with such gray, dreary desolateness over nights of anguish and anxiety, she heard a familiar voice within droning over the old set phrases and stereotyped words of consolation which have afflicted more souls than ever they have comforted. Up and down, with the most harrowing inflections, the voice went seesawing through sacred scriptural passages, spilling their divine life and emptying them of all comfort. Then followed exhortations to resignation; interpretations of the purposes of God in sending such an affliction; sighing reflections on the uncertainty of human life, until the grief-stricken ones, with every nerve quivering with pain, were ready to cry out in their agony, as did Job—"How long will ye vex my soul, and break me in pieces with words?"

"Oh," said the outside listener and mourner, clasping and unclasping her hands in passionate distress, "why will human tongues babble in an hour like this? Let vain man keep silence while the Almighty speaks."

CHAPTER IX.—LOVE.

Two weeks had passed since the day of Kitty's death, and outward tranquillity was restored once more to the inmates of Bryan Lodge. What hot waves of anguish, under this external calm, rolled and broke over sore, aching hearts that found no relief in words, God, and the souls of those who have suffered loss, best know.

With one exception, all who had sustained injuries by the accident that had blotted out the light and joy of one home, were recovered sufficiently to leave their rooms and mingle with the other guests, the most of whom remained from a desire to lighten and assuage, as far as

human love and sympathy could do, the heavy sorrow that had fallen upon their kind entertainers. Pauline, also, by the will of Mrs. Bryan, had been a member of the household since the fatal night when no hand had seemed to know so well as hers the thing that needed to be done, and did it with such firmness and tenderness.

Kitty had loved her! This fact of itself, had she possessed no winning personal qualities, would have endeared her to the mother's heart that would henceforth hold as sacred and precious every object on which her darling had lavished affection; yea, that would look upon all things which the beloved hand had touched, as hallowed and sanctified. For Kitty was an angel.

The guests at the Lodge (excepting some of the Louise Davis stamp) had been quite captivated by the beautiful face and frank, simple manners of the country school-teacher, of whom, however, before the calamity which had drawn her into their midst, they had been able to obtain only occasional glimpses, she having studiously avoided the house, declining all invitations thither, despite Kitty's earnest appeals (the after-thought of which sent a throb of pain to her heart), only in two or three instances permitting herself to be persuaded that an impending tableau or dramatic reading required her positive co-operation.

There is no question that young Bryan was rather pleased than otherwise by these refusals, since they gave him more frequent opportunities of seeking her—armed with some work of a favorite author as an apology—where every look and tone in addressing her would not be jealously watched and criticized, and interpreted in a way that he preferred only the young lady herself should interpret. Moreover, though he wouldn't have confessed it in words, he didn't half like the admiring glances which his gentlemen guests had taken the liberty to cast at her on the few occasions that she had given them a glimpse of her face; and without seeming in the least to aim at such a thing, he did what he could to keep them out of her way, feeling vaguely that his rights were trespassed upon if another expressed an interest in her, or engaged for a moment her attention. And in all this the gentleman had no clearly defined "intentions," and could not have answered readily and honestly for his motive in wishing to monopolize her favor. Her character, having some original phases, was an interesting study, he told himself; but, curious fact, which he did not attempt to ex-

plain, it was a study that he did not care to have any one pursue with him.

His first experiments in this "interesting study" had taught him the necessity of striking out an altogether different road from any by which he had ever walked into lady's favor. Since the clear, cold, questioning glances of Miss Dudley's eye had set his tongue stammering among the idle compliments and pretty nothings of speech into which he insensibly glided when addressing one of the other sex, he had been careful to eschew sentiment and flatteries in his brief conversations with her, discovering very soon that he would have to bring forth all his treasures of thought and stores of information for her entertainment. That fashion of speech which pleased the majority of his lady acquaintances, seemed to find no response with her. If he lapsed for a moment into vapid sentiment, she was the coldest, dullest, dumbest, most uncomprehending creature that he ever saw; but let him touch upon any theme of vital interest, her face would kindle in an instant, and she warmed into the frankest and most genial of companions, talking to him with the confidence and freedom that she would have used toward a brother.

In this, too, she was likely to be misjudged by those not sympathizing with or understanding her. Louise, seeing her once engaged in conversation with Bryan on a subject of more than usual interest to her, expressed great indignation and astonishment at her behavior. "Such unblushing boldness!" said she, lifting her hands with a horrified air. "I should think George would be thoroughly disgusted. See how steadily she keeps her eyes fixed upon his face when he is speaking, not once drooping the lids or changing color. She has not a particle of maidenly modesty. As long and familiarly as I have known Mr. Bryan, I could not meet his eyes with such boldness and freedom."

"Perhaps, my dear, because your thought is not so pure and ingenuous," responded Miss Celestia, with her usual promptness and sincerity. "I have observed that Miss Dudley is singularly free from the affectations and the little arts and devices of her sex to entrap and excite masculine attention and admiration. Such perfect self-unconsciousness one rarely sees; for even the little misses, before they have got beyond the age of pinafores, begin to prink, and perk, and put on extra airs for the little boys in jackets, showing in a thousand coquettish ways a wonderfully precocious understanding of, and aptness for their future

recognized mission. But observe this young lady closely, you cannot help seeing that, for the moment, she is wholly self-oblivious—has not the faintest perception of the impression which her eloquent face and unconscious grace of attitude are making on the heart of her companion, whose personality is merged, with her own, in the interest of the subject under discussion. She does not see, though she looks at him so earnestly, that he is a very handsome, fascinating young gentleman; and doesn't remember, if she ever noted the fact, that he is a marriageable one; has entirely forgotten that there is such a thing as wooing and wedding under the sun; and has never learned the art of blushing and drooping her eyes, trusting the instincts of a pure nature to manifest themselves where occasion required; and if Mr. George was as old as Methuselah, and had as many wives as Solomon, and was as ugly as the Witch of Endor is unaccountably supposed to be, she would turn to him just such a wrapt face, and hang upon his words just as breathlessly as you see, if he were speaking of any matter that deeply interested her."

And, in fact, the gentleman himself was troubled by an unpleasant suspicion of the same sort, feeling not a little chagrined to think his society was valued simply as a means of gaining some coveted information, or of developing and giving tangible shape to crude, imperfect ideas.

It was not until after Kitty's death had softened, and, for a time, purified his heart from the abominations of vanity and falseness, that he began to look honestly into his motives, and to inquire of himself why he had exerted all his powers of fascination to win the affections of this girl, whom he had never for a moment entertained the thought of making his wife. The self-compelled answer brought, in that solemn time, a hot flush of shame to his cheek, and he resolved to give over, then and forever, a pursuit that appeared to have no better object than the gratification of his vanity. And yet, the regard he had striven so hard to win had never seemed so great a prize as in those days of trouble. He longed for it unceasingly, and looking again into his heart, began to question if he might not seek it honorably and openly. What could mean his constant and restless desire to be in her presence—his intense longing to hear words of more than sisterly warmth and tenderness fall from her lips? Did he not love? Love! He had trifled with the name and sentiment so long, that he scarcely knew what its true tokens were. But the con-

viction grew upon him that the "divine passion," which—it is said—comes to the throne sometime in the life of every one of us, had at last overtaken and mastered him, and he determined finally to know of a truth—that which he had so long desired to know—whether the feeling he entertained towards Pauline was in any sense reciprocated. It was with this purpose uppermost in his mind, that he sought her up and down the house one night, finding her at last in the library, from whence his mother was just passing, with heart calmed and lifted above its sorrows by having read in the tenderest of voices, the sweetest poem of consolation that human hand ever writ—Longfellow's Resignation.

"I have been searching the house over for the one gleam of sunshine in it, and lo! here I have found it," he said, approaching the deep window, where Pauline sat with the book of poems yet open upon her lap.

She glanced from the long level lance of light which the setting sun shot into the apartment, up to his face, as if wondering that he could be so daft as to search anywhere but on the western side of the house for sunshine at that hour.

"How prosaic you can be when you choose," said he, with a look half vexed. "You know that it is not this gross earthly sunshine that I mean."

"Indeed! then you must be speaking in parables which I do not understand," she replied, and began talking about some point in the landscape, of which the window commanded a view, and which, touched with the ruddy hues of sunset, was particularly beautiful.

(To be continued.)

BOYS USING TOBACCO.—A strong and sensible writer says a good, sharp thing, and a true one, too, for boys who use tobacco. It tends to softening and weakening of the bones, and it greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow and the whole nervous fluid.

A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical as well as mental power. We would particularly warn boys who want to be anything in the world, to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison. It injures the teeth. It produces an unhealthy state of the throat and lungs, hurts the stomach and blasts the brain and nerves.

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, OF PHILADELPHIA.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

Can you find space in the columns of "The Home Magazine" for the following letter? It has occurred to me that its publication might enlighten some others in our city, as ignorant as Miss Ray's correspondent, and increase the public interest in that most deserving charity. With this hope, Miss Ray has consented to place the letter at my disposal.

Very truly yours, * * *
"Philadelphia, Feb. 2d., 1867.

"MY DEAR E.—

"Your letter from London, which reached me this morning, although full of interest, has surprised me so much in one point, that I seat myself instantly to notice it.

"Your glowing description of your visit to the Hospital for Sick Children, in Great Ormond Street, London, winds up with, 'Why is it that nothing of this kind has ever been attempted with us?' I read the sentence again and again, before I could realize that you were actually in ignorance of the existence of just such a charity in your own city, (the only one of the kind in America) established but three years later than the one which calls forth your admiration in London.

"Ours, it is true, began on a very small scale. It was, however, a noble effort; the result of a conviction of the necessity of separating children from grown persons, in the over-crowded wards of our larger hospitals, where both the physical and moral atmosphere too often exerted a contaminating influence, and where, also, the proper treatment of children's diseases could not be as carefully attended to as in an institution exclusively devoted to their care.

"This conviction was no sooner reached, than it resolved itself into action. A house was taken in a small street,* almost an alley, fitted up and opened as a Hospital for the Care and Nursing of Sick Children, Nov. 23d, 1855; those who originated the enterprise, having faith to believe that it would not be allowed to fail for want of timely aid. It began with but ten beds. During the first year of its life, sixty-seven children were treated in the institution, and three hundred and six at the Dispensary connected with it, where medicines were gratuitously furnished.

* Blight street, east from Broad, between Pine and Lombard streets.
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"The accommodation, however, very soon proving insufficient, the adjoining house was rented, and fitted up so as to furnish ten additional beds (making twenty in all) thus affording as much room as our limited means would allow, for the many applicants for admission.

"I might weary you, were I to follow the fortunes of our little Hospital through its eleven years' existence, and you must excuse me, if I have bored you at first with a few statistics to enlighten your darkness before taking you to look at the work for yourself. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that the faith that it would be sustained has proved well founded; it has never failed or faltered in its quiet, unobtrusive course, and to-day a fine brick building, nearly completed, over whose door may be seen the words, 'Children's Hospital,' cut in brown stone letters, plainly shows that generous hearts and liberal hands have united to speed the good work on its way.

"Indeed, the necessity of this charity has been most clearly shown, and though I would fain hope that, not many of our citizens share your ignorance with regard to it, yet I am convinced that few are aware of the amount of good it has accomplished in removing so many suffering little ones from the foul air and miserable discomfort of their wretched homes, to a bright, cheerful, well-ventilated room, where watchful skill and tender care are ever ready

— "to nurse "them" back to life
Or down to death."

"I could write you volumes upon this subject, giving you instances, which are occurring daily, of the most touching nature, to prove my words; but I prefer that you should go over our establishment with me, trusting that you may be sufficiently interested in what you see to lead you to aid in pleading our cause on your return.

"Come, then, and do not scorn our small quarters.

"Ere the silver crescent has become the golden shield, many more times, we hope to be in our new building, where we shall have forty beds, whilst 'Great Ormond street,' itself can only boast fifty—not such an immense difference, after all. This is our Matron's; parlor the Christmas wreaths still hanging, as you see; it is shared for the present by the lady visitors, when they are not in the wards, which is not very often when

they are here, I assure you; for the attraction is usually at those little bedsides. The back room is the children's play-room, where, as you see, they have their toys and blocks. I wish very much that you could have been here at our Christmas celebration. A beautiful Christmas tree, laden with everything in which the heart of childhood most delights, and lighted with little colored wax tapers, stood just here, directly between the folding-doors. The children, at least those who were able to be out of bed (many who were not, being carried down just to see the tree), were collected beneath its glittering branches, some of them peeping mischievously out at the ladies from behind their green screen.

"At a sign from the Matron, they struck up a very pretty little Christmas song, which she had composed and taught them herself, thanking the ladies and doctors for all that had been done for them, and closing with an allusion to the season, and the happiness its return should ever bring. The childish voices sounded out very sweetly, and they really acquitted themselves very creditably.

"It is scarcely worth while to pause to inspect our culinary arrangements, save to notice the exquisite neatness of everything, and to praise Mary Jane for the brightness of her tins, which are a source of special pride to her.

"Ah, Josey! take care of your crutch, and let the lady pass, on these narrow little stairs."

"Josey Johnson is now our 'oldest inhabitant,' having been in the Hospital for more than a year, and quite presumes upon his knowledge of the place—like many of his elders and betters—bringing up precedent upon all occasions to the new-comers. 'We always do so and so.' 'That's what we always use,' &c., &c. He is wonderfully better, however, and, I think, rather regards his improvement with regret, as necessarily leading to his dismissal, and a return to pinching poverty in place of good cheer and comfortable quarters.

"But this is not the general feeling. There is something pleasant to me in finding the strong attraction to home, simply because it is home, which exists amongst most of the children who come here—I mean something quite separate and apart from the love of their parents or brothers and sisters. This has often been proved by bringing a mother to her child. Her presence often gives comfort, but also increases the desire for a return to the old spot, no matter what its privations, the present comparative luxury apparently utterly failing to

supply its place. Many, very many, of the children become exceedingly attached to the Hospital, it is true, and I have constantly seen them cry when ordered to leave it, and also have often wondered at their content and freedom from homesickness; but yet, as a rule, home has a charm of its own, which seems, at times, almost surprising to those who see the sufferings connected with it.

"'Twas but a few days before Christmas that I exhausted every effort at consolation upon that little fellow with the big black eyes, sitting upon the stairs just above you. He had hoped to spend Christmas at home, but a relapse prevented his leaving his bed. In vain I painted in glowing colors the glories of the Christmas-tree—in vain proposed the usual irresistible attractions to the boyish nature of drums, trumpets, whips, tops, balls, &c.—in vain promised the presence of father, mother and little sister.

"'I like it here, ma'am, all the time; only Christmas, I must go home, then.' This was all I could extract; and the home to which he was so eager to go, I happened to know, was a little dirty hovel in an alley, in a close and confined part of the city, where it was difficult to provide the children with sufficient food.

"On the other side, I never shall forget my effort to cheer a very lovely little girl, who had been terribly burned, and brought to the Hospital to be cared for. Her case was a very serious one, and her recovery for some time doubtful. Her patience and sweet gentleness, added to a pensiveness very unusual in a child, won upon us all, and little Annie soon became a general favorite. By degrees she brightened, and lost the sad expression she had worn when first brought there.

"One morning when I came in, as she welcomed me with a bright smile, I said—'Why, Annie, how much better you look! You will soon be able to go home!'

"She started as though I had struck her, and, with a look of terror, clasped my hand tightly, trembling violently all over. 'Annie, my child!' said I, much amazed, 'what is it? Don't you want to go home?'

"'Home! Miss Alice, home! Don't I want to go home? Oh, no! no! home is a place where there's always fighting!'

"Think of such words from a child's lips, or such dread inspired by the very sound of that word! I afterwards learned that she had only too much cause for the feeling. Her parents were both utterly worthless people, and the

very accident from which she was then suffering, had been the result of her mother's carelessness, whilst in a state of intoxication.

But I do not like to think of our dear little Annie; it always makes me so sad. Let us walk in here; this is the lower ward; we have two on the next floor, which we shall see, later.

"Well, little ones! I have brought a lady to see you!" Watch their brightening faces! To them, a 'lady' doesn't mean exactly as in olden time, 'a giver of bread,' but of what to them is infinitely more acceptable—a toy, or picture-book, or doll. They always hail the entrance of the ladies with pleasure.

"Is it not a pattern of neatness here? Each little iron bedstead, with its white covering, can tell a tale of its own, and to those under the power of association, this sometimes proves rather painful. For instance; no matter who may now occupy that bed at your side, a memory of violet eyes, and silken lashes, and fair curls, and days, and weeks, and months of saddest suffering, always rises before me.

"But we are not all sad here. You must not fancy anything of that sort. Look at that merry little group on the floor in the corner over there, building houses with their blocks, and listen to those happy, ringing laughs, as mischievous little Bob's foot demolishes the structure as fast as it is reared! Few of the wealthiest homes, where love and luxury combine to gratify the whim of every passing hour, could show such true enjoyment as that scene presents.

"Look, too, at the delight written on that bright little face, at her own creations! She has a wonderful natural talent for drawing, and her slate is a new possession, brought to her yesterday by one of the lady visitors. Horses and cows are her 'specialite,' and in looking at them, I have often thought that we had an embryo Rosa Bonheur amongst us. 'Come here, Nellie, and show the lady what pretty horses you can draw!' I think that quick mantling color, that half shy, half pleased expression, as she looks up, and shakes back her soft brown hair, is a far prettier sight than her pictures; but as yet, she is happily unconscious of that fact, and perhaps one of her greatest charms lies in that very unconsciousness.

"But we must not linger here. Let us go up stairs, to the other wards. These, as you see, are now occupied almost entirely by boys, suffering from hip-disease, but not in much pain, as you may easily perceive by the merry roguish twinkle in the eye of one, the calm, satisfied air of another, and the eager interest

at our approach in the face of a third. I am often amazed at their perfect willingness to remain quietly in bed. They are, it is true, all tethered, as you see, by an iron weight attached to the limb, to draw it gradually to the length of the other; but it surprises me, that they are contented to lie still, and do not become restless and fretful. But here comes the servant with their dinners, and we had better say goodbye to them, as we shall be only in the way at present. Take a look, however, before we go, at their steaming plates. How few of their homes could provide such a meal—not much like an invalid's diet, we should say, either in quality or quantity; but these are cases in which restricted diet is not needed: on the contrary nourishing food is specially ordered, and its happy results are daily seen in the rounding cheeks and fattening limbs of the poor little half-starved creatures constantly brought here.

"Turn to your right, as you pass out, and look at that pair of large, black, eager eyes, which have been following you ever since your entrance. They belong to a boy who has only lately come in, and who possesses no very striking attraction. I merely point you to him, because there is a certain eagerness in his expression, which always reminds me of my long-ago pet, 'little Dick.' This Hospital is something on the 'dear gazelle principle,' and the most attractive children, are always sure to be the ones first taken.

"Little Dick was a sort of 'waif,' brought to us I scarcely know how—for he had neither parents, brothers, sisters, or apparently any friends—for, after he was once placed there, no one at any time ever came near him; and yet he was a child that any one might have been proud to claim. He would have attracted you at the first glance; his forehead was broad, white, and crowned with a mass of fair curls; his eyes were not like those black ones, which I have just shown you, save in their size and the same wistful, pleading expression; they were of the deepest blue, and their plaintiveness as he raised them has often brought tears to my own. He was very slightly formed, and apparently scarcely four year old; but whoever had placed him there, had given his age at six.

"I remember well the first morning I saw him; he had just come in, and as I walked up to his bedside, he gave me a long, searching, silent scrutiny; then extending his hand, a set of little thin, scrawny fingers clasped themselves tightly over mine, and from that moment until his death, little Dick and I were firm friends. Instead of gaining flesh and strength,

however, it soon became perceptible that he was daily losing; his sufferings at times were intense, and we all saw that recovery was impossible.

"One afternoon, as I entered the ward, I was struck with the change in his appearance; every particle of color had left his face, his eyes were sunken, and he was tossing restlessly. Several of the children, it so happened, were to go home that afternoon, and their parents and friends were waiting to take them. Little Dick was evidently both suffering and sorrowful; for, as I came near, I was surprised to hear the sad tone of that poor little weak voice.

"Dear nurse, when will my friends come? All the rest are going, only I, have no home!"

"In the confusion and bustle, the remark was either unheard or unheeded by the nurse. 'Dear child,' I said, as I pushed back the hair from his cold, damp brow, 'your friends are coming very soon to take you to that beautiful home, where I have so often told you you will have no more sickness or pain.'

"A sudden flash of brightness lighted his face, and he looked up with a smile perfectly unearthly in its radiance.

"The next day, as I opened the door, an empty bed was before me. I started, and the nurse said—'Twas only little Dick! He died in the night.'

"Will you have a few lines, called forth at the time by his death?"

"CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL."

"'Twas only Little Dick!"

"Only a hospital child!"

Why let fall a tear?

Only a hired nurse

Standing by the bier.

"Only well he's gone,

After all he bore;

Only a child the less;

Only a bed the more!

"Alas! and only that wail

Sounding for days gone by;

Only that hard-drawn breath;

Only that stifled sigh!

"Only that eye beseeching,

Feebly fixed on mine:

Only that start convulsive,

Sudden suffering's sign!

"Only a fair straying curl,

Sweetly soft and fine,

Tangled on that marble brow,

No mother's hand to twine!

"Only those sad, plaintive tones,

Wavering, weak and low,

The last the little speaker

Will ever breathe below,

"Only I, have no friends;

Dear nurse, when will they come?

See, all the others going,

Only I, have no home!"

Only a short, short waiting;

White-winged Friends have come,

And borne the little lone one

Unto both Love and Home!

"But I fear, dear E., I have wearied you, and that you had little idea what your praise of the Hospital in Great Ormond Street, would draw down upon your devoted head. If, however, any word of mine may excite your interest for our little sufferers, or arouse a desire in your mind to aid them, I will cheerfully bear any comments, no matter how severe, which you may choose to make upon the unwonted length of my epistle.

"As ever, affectionately yours,
"ALICE RAY."

BROKEN:

BY MYSTIC.

Down in the heart there's a desolate room,
Mournfully draped with its curtains of gloom—
A cloistered cell, with its bolts and bars,
Shutting out even the pitying stars.

There, haggard and pale, in her sable weeds,
Sits wan Memory, counting her beads,
Chanting low, in the shadows dim,
Broken prayers, and a vesper hymn.
There, in the twilight, chilling and gray,
Are broken purposes, hidden away,
Broken promises, cast, in the gloom,
Into the night of the desolate room.

There are broken homes wherever we roam;
Pitching our tent by the white sea-foam,
Or deep in the wilderness making a home,
By the sluggish Po, or the gleaming Rhine,
Mid the purple grapes of the drooping vine,
In the jungle wild, 'mid the burning sands
That glitter and gleam on the desert strands—
There are broken homes, there are broken bands,
There are broken homes, and we seek in vain
To gather the links of the severed chain,
Over the world in many a clime,
Scattered and lost by the hands of Time;
Lost, we know, by the desolate moan
Of aching hearts, that are breaking alone.

There's a broken ring that you laid away,
Once when the moaning, dying day,
Lingering down in the twilight lay—
Only a broken ring, I know—
Why should you treasure and love it so?
Oh! the fingers were white and cold
That gave to your keeping that ring of gold,
Broken, and dimmed by your bitter tears,
Broken, just as the circling years,
Binding a heart, a life to your own,
Breaking, left you alone—alone!

THE LINING OF THE CLOUD.

BY NORA WORK.

Margaret Holloway washed the breakfast dishes one chilly winter morning just as she usually did. Her father was a thriftless Ohio farmer, her home less snug than a stable, her mother worn out with fretting, and the two younger children quarrelling as usual behind the stove, while a dying baby dragged through its last hours on the maternal knee. Margaret was eighteen; but months are years to the poor. Tired of this long hand-to-hand fight with want, she was now attempting to prepare herself for teaching, and had thought, "Next summer I will secure a school, and earn something for mother and the children. There is no dependence in father." But her weary look had grown into a hunted one to-day, in that wretched house so near a dying brother.

"I'm not going to school to-day, mother," answering Mrs. Holloway's inquiring eyes—"the baby is too sick."

Margaret took the broom to brush ashes from the hearth. Two boys were playing with sticks.

"Drat you, Jack!" exclaimed one, "get out o' my fire room. Feller might freeze for all you."

A scuffle and some cuffs followed. Margaret's voice sharpened. "Boys, I'll punish both of you if this is not stopped."

Mr. Holloway, stupidly smoking a cob pipe in the warmest corner, looked on unmoved, and the baby set up a wail.

"Margaret!" called the frightened mother, "see how he jerks!"

Three swift steps brought the sister to bend a piteous face over her treasured child. "It has spasms, mother! Father!"—she laid a grasping hand on the heavy being—"the baby has spasms! You must go across for Mrs. Lamb. Make haste!"

"Poor little chap!" returned the fond sire; "I'll help mother while you run along, honey. This deep snow is so bad for my rheumatics."

So Margaret covered her head, and ran half-distractedly, while Mr. Holloway curled up to the fire, and sent denser fumes of miserable tobacco from the cob pipe, telling his wife not to cry, the little feller'd get over it; in which manner he continued to help her till the daughter returned. Hot water baths and generous nourishment could effect nothing. The child died, good hands dressed it in plain, white

garments, and laid it under a sheet. Margaret Holloway's infant solace, born in blossom time and hope, sweet little brother, had gone in chill and despair.

Despondency weighed on this girl's frame like complete lassitude. At the humble funeral, in her home afterwards, through morning duties and school-ward walk, she was a mechanical thing.

"I must not lose a day," was the thought that nerved her to pin her shawl, and tie an old nubia over her head, and journey forth, books in hand. "The baby was buried yesterday, and mother may die, too, before I can help her." No elasticity of hope in her steps, no wide eyes for snowy beauty. Poverty was like a key that had locked her senses. They did not enter to the soul of anything. There was no meaning in all the rays gleaming from the spectrum of one white crystal, no resemblance to sculpture in the drifted heaps, no sensation from the day but chill and misery. A thousand days had mocked her just so. She waded and shivered.

Now, the teacher who ruled in that lately-reared edifice called Plum-Row School-house, was a young man of "very prepossessing appearance." Unaccountably, all the young women of Plum-Row (which, being defined, is a "street" well sprinkled along with farms and plum orchards) found their mothers could spare them much better than during previous terms. The house was full. Young men determining also to make the best of such an opportunity. Their teacher was of a brave Saxon cast, whose blue eyes were blenchless, whose features, though softly carved, were alive with resolution. German blood and German impulses were so Americanized in Fritz Hainer as to make him more attractive than the young giant would have been with Brother Jonathan's blue life-stream and "ra'al" inquisitiveness. He watched his pupils shrewdly, and among them Margaret Holloway. Her starved face touched him at first; afterwards its fire, which was of a glowing and unharmed nature, and came out rarely, attracted him. She was pretty, of course; there never was woman capable of attracting man without those shapes and shades, those comely touches and goodly glows. You all admire a gifted woman—intensely; gaze on

her wreathed brow afar, wondering if it is feminine; for ideas certainly are there. You feel flattered by her preference, enjoy her society—"a splendid creature!" and from plain brow and earnest eyes, you go to a little wooden head, ornamented with pink cheeks and long lashes, and vow to cherish it. This truth is stereotyped. But not all beauties are wooden-headed, for which you may be thankful.

Fritz Hainer had silently searched this young girl's face for her history ever since he had seen it. A few hints from neighbors furnished the clue. Every day, while his eyes threaded again her tawny hair, he uttered, mentally—"Poor, brave child!" which expression at last slid through various stages of these weeks to be "dear little Gretchen!" that morning she entered, pale from her brother's funeral.

Crushed over her work, she never glanced up, and really no thought of winning the teacher had ever entered her head. A brown flannel dress, ungarnished by coquettish apron, or by pretty bow at the throat, braided hair, forbidden to unfold its luxuriance in net or waterfall, what attraction could these hold forth? Other farmers brought home from the market-town groceries and dry-goods in abundance, while her father, whose indolence had been like a knife, whittling down his inherited lands, brought a package of tobacco, occasionally some flannel for the baby, and as a luxury, a pound of tea or coffee—but without fail, the tobacco. It was desirable to be neatly attired, in Margaret's eyes; but the comfort of mother and the boys, was of major importance. She was going to earn money for them. Does a traveler over Scandinavian snow-flowers stop and adorn himself with their beauty when the wolves are on his track? She had no time or thought for aught but cleanliness; comfort even, was denied her.

She studied resolutely. But how resolutely had she studied those months before, with hope, of clothing little brother in warm wrappings next winter—now he would never be warm. Just so had disappointment always followed her. The poor child did not reason that disappointment follows all of us for our good, and is often laden with blessings!

After the noon lunch, nearly all the school went to slide on a creek. Only Margaret, Fritz, and the Squire's daughter remained, last mentioned young lady busying herself knitting some scarlet mittens, and chatting with her teacher. Pretty and arch was she, with that daintiness petting gives to one.

"Come and skate with me, Laura," called a young man, through the door; "I have a pair that will fit you, prime."

"Oh, no; it's too cold; and I can't use any skates but my own."

"Fie, cold! why, you want some blood in your cheeks."

"Mother told me I shouldn't expose my health, George."

"Very good; don't sit moping here, then. Mr. Hainer is coming out to try the ice by and by. Here are your wraps; so come along."

"Dear! there's no getting rid of you," demurred Laura, allowing herself to be conducted away.

Fritz looked over his open book at the yet bowed head, with its tawny locks. If she had been another of his pupils, he would have spoken with cheery freedom; but a nameless something held his tongue, that was not fear; for woman moved quite a different emotion in him. He approached her delicately.

"If you study so much, Miss Margaret, you will make yourself sick."

She looked up wearily amazed, and answered, truthfully—"I was not studying, but thinking."

An awkward pause.

"Is your little brother dead?"

A startled glance, and low—"Yes, sir." She raised her full eyes again, met his, and fluttered; then settled to a peaceful gazing into these kind depths above her. Fritz Hainer had never conversed with his pupil before, but after this exchange of faiths, she never avoided him.

Margaret grew to anticipate their talks and walks homeward with dangerous eagerness. Now, though remembering mother's wants, she desired tasteful dress, with a womanly and right desire to please this new friend who lightened her life. She did not once think of bewitching him; did not imagine she loved. Have I not told you her nature was too pinched to take proper cognizance of things? She only named it her "brightness." She had the sensation, without the denomination.

I skim the top from occurrences. None but the interested parties can care to gloat over every small encounter. One evening, when a second heavy fall of snow had purified earth, and given Margaret a new idea of snow's signification, bells chimed distantly, while the home-fire glowed with more cheer than usual. Bells approached nearer; the children were playing good-naturedly, father smoking, and mother sewing by light of cotton dipped in a saucer of fat. Margaret knew, with a woman's in-

distinct, why those sleigh-bells stopped in a dying jingle before their door, and who would presently rap; so her hands trembled to finish the evening task. She wiped them nervously to open the door. Fritz, in fur, and overcoat, and bear-like gloves. He walked in with the courtesy of a knight, was presented and seated, Margaret all the time faint, as some foolish girls not accustomed to receiving calls often feel.

"Purty cold night," remarked Mr. Holloway, emptying his cob pipe for a new charge of bad tobacco.

"But fine sleighing," suggested Fritz.

"Yes, so I s'pose. Thought I'd ride over to town this afternoon for some tobaccor; but I can't stand nothin'—git chilled and take a fit of rheumatics. What do you guess the price of tobaccor is? Ten cents a plug. Seems to me we'll have to go to raisin' our own, next summer."

"I have never used it," said Fritz, smiling.

"Well, some folks can do without it; but 'taint me," Mr. Holloway returned, affably, puffing villanous fumes.

"How does Margaret get along in her studies?" asked Mrs. Holloway, anxious to say something to the stranger.

"Very rapidly"—it was an interesting topic, and he brightened—"I think she applies herself too closely, even. She does not seem to care for amusement of any kind."

"She was always a stiddy girl," remarked the crushed woman, meekly, with a quiver that meant more.

"Do you think I could prevail on her to go sleigh-riding to-night?" was Fritz's immediate inquiry.

"You will, wont you, dear?" Mrs. Holloway looked towards her daughter. "Don't keep her out very long, sir."

"I'll remember; and I'll take good care of her."

So Margaret smoothed her hair, pinned on that same old shawl, and tied the faded nubia round her head. It was all she had, and woman's pride half rebelled. She arranged everything as prettily as possible, and then, looking in the broken glass, felt like spitefully tearing her toilet off. You know just as well as I, that a woman's fate often hangs on a neat garment. Forgetfulness of her appearance, which is the consequence of tasteful dress, makes her graceful. Mother urged the girl to wrap well, and would have added the worn shawl around her own shoulders; but Fritz declared the sleigh

was full of robes and wraps, and took his charge away with him.

How he smothered her down in soft fur and solicitude! And how he commanded himself to refrain from lingering with an arm around the slender figure! They were off under a holy moonlight, across a white track, behind the silver bells. It was like infatuation to Margaret. So near to him, his voice so low, the world so vast without, glad feelings expanded her heart almost to bursting. Fritz looked beside him at the nestled face, and mentally repeated his resolution to win her word that night.

Margaret Holloway thereupon learned her sweetest lesson. Simply confiding, she suffered at first her bare little hand to be claimed "to hold," then "to have," promising the latter while her heart sent out arrowy thrills through every vein.

Now was the dear God's graciousness manifest. He had trained her feet on nettles that they should afterward find the grass most pleasant.

Other girls coquet with their affiances; she was too much his own, too thankful in his preference. The man she would have chosen from a world, yet named with downcast look, for very presumption, had elected her to be his bride. It was enough to drive the starved soul wild. Coming upon other things, in an effort to set her ideas straight, she exclaimed with reproach for herself—"Mother and the boys!"

"Will receive better care than these little hands could have given them. I have a snug home for my wife; I have fought the world. We'll be happy there together, and you shall let me stand before you and lift all your loads. They are mine, now, darling."

Was life a fairy tale to Margaret Holloway after this? Not exactly. It was not to be petted and loved only that she gave herself away. A man invested her with his honor, his name and his home. These were mighty charges. Good views of marriage had Margaret Holloway; her filial heart developed into a wifely heart, taking thought for his future comfort; but her selfish remembrance broke in always with womanlike exulting—"I am his own; he calls me darling!"

Washington was wont to say, be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried, before you give them your confidence.

LAY SERMONS.

WHEN IT WAS OVER.

Mr. Fulton was stunned by the shock of his wife's death. He had not expected the event; and was not, therefore, in any way prepared for it. True, Mrs. Fulton had been in feeble health for some years; and, for the past twelve or eighteen months, her fading face, and shadowy form, to all but her husband, had been suggestive of that last time which comes to all. To him, she looked pale and wasted; but he had grown so familiar with this aspect, that its significance, failed. Day by day the wasting went on—the pallor increased—but these progressive changes were imperceptible to his eyes. Only those who saw Mrs. Fulton at intervals of weeks or months, were impressed by the warning signs.

"Hearty as a buck." This language gives the true impression of Mr. Fulton's physical condition. He knew nothing of aching head; of weary limbs; of nervous exhaustion and depression. The blood that leaped along his veins, was full of richness and vitality. Every nerve was in health; every muscle rounded. He enjoyed life. Motion was a pleasure. Such men, resting in the consciousness of their own mental and physical states, are not ready sympathizers with pain. They understand but little of what those suffer in whom vitality is low, or, in the mechanism of whose bodies are defect and weakness.

Mr. Fulton was not what the world calls a selfish man; and yet, he was too self-absorbed to make a true and tender husband, to the patient, loving woman, whom he left, for most of the time, in weary loneliness. All day long he was absent under the necessities of business. Could he not give his evenings to the wife who had numbered the hours in waiting for him to come home; and who always had smiles and love-lit eyes to greet him? Not often. His life was too full to be repressed to the sluggish quiet of an invalid's chamber. It made him dull and stupid. So, he must have his meetings with friends, after the day's work was over; his recreations—his social contacts—his enjoyments. Without these, life would grow stagnant in his veins. It was hard on his poor wife, he knew, to be restricted to a few rooms—often to one—to sit lonely at home—to be in pain; but then, it was a necessity out of his reach. If he could have given her, at a word, both health and happiness, with what promptness would that word have been spoken. But, he rarely thought of self-denial—of the great pleasure she would receive from daily acts of love, scarce manifest in their unobtrusiveness, yet falling like dew and sunshine upon the heart.

And so it went on, the failing one never disturbing him with complaint or murmur; always welcoming him with a smile, that, strange to say, did not impress him as growing feebler and feebler. All at once the light of life went out; dropping down, suddenly, like a spent candle. Now it burnt steadily, and now it was gone!

Mr. Fulton was stunned by the shock. He could at first only faintly realize the fact, and when a sympathizing friend said, "You have had time to prepare for this sorrow—the death-angel came not in suddenly," he scarcely comprehended his meaning.

From the hour of death until the hour of burial, when friends gathered in funeral solemnity, and all that dull machinery of burial that jars and rattles, be the adjustment never so carefully made, was set in motion, Mr. Fulton remained in a half stupefied condition. Once, since the vital spark went out, he had looked upon the dead face of his wife, and shuddered at its ghastly whiteness. He could not force himself to a second view. But ere the coffin-lid was shut down over it forever, drawn forward by a friend, he stood and let his eyes fall, in dread of a shock, on the features he might never again, except in thought, behold.

If sickness, and pain, and the throes of dissolution mar the countenance, much of beauty and sweetness is restored during that brief process of interior separation of soul and body, which goes on after death in the sensational and external. With Mrs. Fulton this had been restored in a remarkable degree. Few signs of exhaustion or suffering remained. The mouth was gently shut and very placid. Her eyelids rested above the snowy cheeks, softly relieving their paleness with fringing shadows—not weighed down as by death, but with the seeming light burden of sleep. You almost expected to see them quiver and then unveil the orbs which lay beneath. Not hardly back from the marble forehead had they drawn her hair, but in light, glossy masses, gathered it about her temples, and laid it just away from each side of her face, yet touching it. One hand was drawn across her bosom, the other fell easily by her side. A few flowers, white and red—representing the pure truth and warm love of her character—lay upon her breast, as if dropped there without art, and left where they fell.

Mr. Fulton let his eyes fall, in dread of a shock. But there was no shock. The sight he feared to look upon proved a vision of beauty. For an instant it seemed as if the lost one were restored; and he bent down in haste to lay his lips to those which seemed as if just about to smile with love's

warm invitation. Alas! in the icy touch delusion vanished. It was death—death! Death assuming the aspect of life, and mocking his sudden hope.

It was all over at last. The days of sad preparation, in which the soul longs for seclusion and undisturbed self-communion, but finds them not, had passed with Mr. Fulton, and the time came when he could sit down alone and remember. She was gone; the tender, the loving, the patient, the true-hearted! Not much of the funeral services, or the preacher's "improvement" of the occasion, had entered his thoughts. Still something remained. Of the departed he had spoken with much feeling, saying, among other things—"We who are in full health, in the flush of animal life do not realize in any adequate degree the lonely experiences, the heart-weariness, the longings for day in the night watches, and the longings for night in the tiresome days—of those whom God is preparing by wasting sickness to become angels in His kingdom. If you have any such in your homes, give them love, and care, and cheerful companionship. Make their beds soft in sickness. Give them smooth pillows. As for our departed sister, all that loving care, all that tender solicitude could give, were hers; and in the hearts that mourn her to-day there is pure grief only."

Pure grief only! Mr. Fulton was not deceived. He could not take this delusion into his soul. The picture had flashed on him with startling vividness. No, he had not realized in any degree "the lonely experiences, the heart-weariness, the longings for day in the night watches, and the longings for night in the tiresome days," of her whom God had been preparing by wasting sickness to become an angel in His kingdom. But it was all revealed now to his dull apprehension. How stupid, how blind, how self-inverted, not to have understood this before!

Now, when it was all over, the long period of life's decadence; the unexpected death scene; and the low, dull, half realized misery of intervening days until the time of burial came, and his heart lay bruised and helpless under the weight of its obtrusive ceremonies—now, when it was all over, and he sat alone in the still chamber—shivering and in darkness—where for so long a time a low but sweet voice had made music for his heart, and a pale face given out light warmer and purer than any sunshine, memory began to restore the past.

"Must you go out this evening, dear?" Mr. Fulton actually started, and turned his eyes upon the empty bed, so clearly sounded the old familiar voice; not in a complaining tone—not burdened with weariness, or suffering, or shaded with the anticipation of other solitary hours added to the many she had passed since morning—but, with forced cheerfulness, yet pleading. If the pale face and loving eyes had looked over to him from the pillow now, would he have answered—"Yes?"

Ah, memory, memory! Unsleeping Nemesis! The pale face and loving eyes were not there, only

the white pillow, smooth and full. But memory held to his sight the picture taken on a sensitive page, and he saw himself turning away while the pleading tones yet filled his ears, turning away and shutting the door! Oh, the bitter anguish of that moment! And, evening after evening, answering to that, earnest, yet never-chiding question, he had thus turned away, shutting the door!

White, and still, and patient! His eyes are closed. But no bodily form ever stood out more clearly defined than the spectrum now holding his vision. White, and still, and patient, as he had looked upon her so many hundreds of times, without once getting down into any just idea of her true consciousness. Now, a new revelation had come to him. But it was too late! Her feet had gone down into the waters of Jordan—she had passed to the other side, and he stood weeping on the shore alone.

Not a complaining word, not a chiding look, haunted him. Always a love-lit face had brightened at his coming, and patient eyes, just a little shaded, held him, up to the last instant of departure, never closing heavily and sadly, until the door was shut. But conscience and memory haunted him now with crowding accusations.

Not a complaining word—not a chiding look. What was the record on the other side? Had he been always patient and uncomplaining?

"If I had not felt so weak, Henry." Was there an accusing spirit in the room? No, it was in Mr. Fulton's soul. Memory had turned another leaf, and hurt his vision with another picture. He was standing, with hard eyes and stern mouth, before his shrinking wife, who looked up with a hurt expression on her face, and tears brimming to the eyelids.

"If I had not felt so weak, Henry!"

Mr. Fulton turned the page and shut his ears. But the Book of his Life was written over on every leaf, full of sentences and images from margin to margin, and the sentences had living voices.

"I am losing strength confined to these close rooms."

He had scarcely heeded the words when spoken. How distinctly they were remembered now! How mournfully prophetic were the tones in which they came back to him. "Losing strength!" And yet he had not taken warning. Nay, accepted a friend's invitation for an afternoon's ride, instead of going out with his wife! He fairly shivered, now, when he thought of it. And many afternoons the strong, wide-chested, full-blooded man had ridden out, drinking in the living country air, while she drooped at home, wasting graveward for lack of that vital stimulant he was absorbing to himself. No wonder she lost strength. The mystery was unravelled now.

And thus it had gone on, he denying himself nothing, while her feebly uttered, scarcely obtruded wants, were rarely, if ever, comprehended, she slowly drifting away the while, and he not

perceiving the downward pressure of the current, until it was too late to save the most precious thing God had given to bless his life.

When it was over—the last scene in this mortal drama—and the sympathizing friends were gone away, leaving the mourner to his sorrow, his loneliness, and to memory, thus it was with him. Ah, then heart-ache like this, so hopeless, so crushing, so beyond the reach of medicine, what pain is not easier to bear! The wrong, crystallized by death, is beyond all recompense. We may weep, grieve,

we may repent, but there is no atonement. Forever out of the unrelenting past, it looks back upon us, stern, rebuking and accusing. It stands a skeleton in the house of our life, and we cannot clothe it with flesh, nor soften the stony glare of its eyes. Its shadow lies always on our path, and it has power to darken our brightest days with a sudden cloud, though that cloud be no larger, sometimes, than a human hand, or a pale, loving face, that never looked upon us with rebuke or accusation.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

MOTHERLESS.

BY JANE O. DE FOREST.

"What a pert, disagreeable girl Fannie Lawrence is," said a lady to her friend, as a consequential miss of sixteen, passed their window.

"Yes," was the reply; "but she has grown up motherless."

"Poor child! then she is more to be pitied than blamed," returned the lady, with humid eyes, and a voice full of sympathy.

That her conclusion was just, how many of us feel that we know, from our own past experience.

Oh, the desolation of the hour that sees a group of weeping children gathered about a mother's dying bed. The last word of counsel, the last kiss, the last fond look and gentle pressure of the hand has been given, and in a few moments that faithful heart will be stilled forever. In vain does the stricken father endeavor to calm the violent grief of his children; for they refuse to be comforted, and the hisping little one sobs himself to sleep, vainly crying for his "mamma."

Alas! how little they realize how great is their loss, or know of the many weary days to come, when they will long to unburden their childish joys and sorrows, and obtain that earnest sympathy none but a mother can give. Those who have reached maturity under the guidance of a good mother, know nothing of the trials of those who in childhood have been deprived of this great blessing.

The pathway of life, at best, is truly a rough and thorny one; dark clouds shut out the sunlight, and fierce storms burst over us, and leave us groping in darkness. How great that darkness, when uncheered by a mother's love; that sacred love, which time cannot lessen or misfortune quench. What a safeguard has it often proved to the tried and tempted; and many a proud and wicked heart has at last been humbled, and has bowed with reverence and penitence before our Lord, from the memory of a mother's prayers and teachings. Perhaps her form has long been mouldering in

the dust, and her voice been united in the songs of redeeming love; but "she being dead yet speaketh."

During our great war, it was a noticeable fact, that among our soldiers, especially the sick and wounded, no other friend was cherished in their memories, or spoken of with such loving tenderness as their mothers. The touching story of that noble soldier, who, when he learned he had but a short time to live, grieved most that he could not see his mother once more, has suffused many an eye with tears. How many others like him, also found that in the last and trying hour, Jesus was more to them than even a mother.

But the numbers of those who had no mother to mourn for them, when their lives were sacrificed on their country's sacred altar. One of those motherless ones, a boy veteran, with the flush of early youth still on his cheek, but with the heart of a brave old soldier, spent a few days with a comrade, on his way to his own home. On witnessing the joyful meeting of this comrade with his mother, he exclaimed, while the tears ran down his cheeks—"Oh! if I only had a mother to meet me, when I go home; but alas! I have none." Poor, motherless soldier boy! God grant, that when in less than three short months, thou wast called upon to die for our glorious Union, that a better Friend was near thee than ever thy mother would have been; and although there is no loving mother-heart, to cherish thy memory, or weep over thy glad young life, so early sacrificed, still thy lowly grave, far away in the sunny South, shall never be forgotten.

Motherless ones, our heart is moved with tenderness towards you, for we know whereof we do speak. We know the sorrow that has filled your young hearts, while yet life should have seemed all gladness to you. We know of your many trials, and pray our Father, to comfort you.

Kind reader, may earnest sympathies be kindled in your heart, and may you cherish the virtues, and overlook the faults of those whose mothers were taken from them in early life; not taking to your-

self pride for your own superior training, but reverently thanking God that you, also, were not made motherless.

WHEN BABY DIED.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Our baby died at the sunset;
He folded his little hands,
And his face grew bright with a glory
That it caught from Heavenly Lands.

I asked, while the face of my darling
Grew dim before my eye,
As the tears dropped over my eyelids,
"Oh, Paul! will our baby die?"

"Our baby will live," he answered,
With a still and holy awe,
"In a land that is brighter and fairer
Than our mortal eyes e'er saw!"

Oh, the bitter pain at my heartstrings
When I knew that he must die!
I forgot, in that one brief moment,
The God that we have on high.

Forgot that our Father gave him,
If but for a little while,
To win our hearts with his beauty
And the brightness of his smile.

Forgot, in my human blindness,
The love of an all-wise God,
And only felt, in my sorrow,
The chastening of His rod.

The breeze came in at the window
With a murmur low and sweet,
And dropped a leaf from the maple
Close down by my baby's feet.

And I thought that the leaves were falling
In the autumn of the year,
And my baby's life was drifting
Away to an unknown sphere.

"Our darling!" Paul whispered, dropping
Great tears on the poor, pale face,
That was full of a strange white beauty,
If not of its old bright grace.

And he bent down, weeping softly
And kissed our baby's lips,
And I knew that his heart was aching
In the gloom of his hope's eclipse.

Our little one opened his blue eyes
For one moment, and but for one;
Then his eyelids fell together,
And his earthly life was done.

The clouds that had barred the pathway
Where the golden sun had trod,
Rolled back like the mists of darkness
Before the smile of God,

And a ray of the sun's last brightness
Came out of the far-off west,
And kissed our baby, sleeping
With his hands upon his breast.

A robin came flying downward,
And perched on a swaying limb,
And sang, in the sunset stillness,
His beautiful evening-hymn.

And we thought, in that solemn moment,
That we heard the angels sing,
That were gathered there by the Golden Gate
To give him welcoming.

We buried our boy in the garden,
Where the roses bloom brightest of all,
And the breath of the golden lilies
Comes over the meadow wall.

The violets blossom in summer
Above my darling's face,
And I know that they gain a brightness
From his blue eyes' vanished grace.

Some day I shall close my eyelids
In that long and dreamless sleep
God giveth to all His children,
And I shall not wake to weep.

I shall wake to the life that's endless
And a sense of perfect rest,
At the kiss of the blue-eyed darling
That has vanished from my breast.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

KINDLY JEM.

BY ADA M. KENNICOTT.

One day Jem had leave to gather blueberries. He had to go a long ways for them; so he rose early in the morning, and, as soon as breakfast was over, his mother put some bread and butter, and cold boiled eggs into a tin pail for his dinner, and he started merrily off. He had not gone far,

when he saw a tiny gealing lying in the wagon-track, and seeming quite forlorn and helpless.

"See here, my fine fellow!" cried he, "what is the matter with you?"

The gosling looked up at him, but only replied—"Squeak! squeak!"

"A pretty story that!" said Jem; "but, as it seems we can't talk together, I'll help you what I can, without."

So he took up the poor little creature, and carried it in his arms till he came to a farm-house, where a little girl, who was standing by the gate, claimed it for hers. "But," said she, "I have a lame foot, and could not go to look for it. I am so glad it is found, and I thank you so much! What can I do for you?"

"Oh, help some other poor creature, sometime," replied Jem, and went whistling on his way.

Soon he came to a wood, rustling with green, cool leaves, and so full of sweet flowers and gay birds that he thought, surely, here could be no trouble for him to aid, nothing but enjoyment. But, toward the end of it, hearing a great screaming and fluttering, and looking about for the cause, he saw a large company of birds gathered around a thorn-bush.

"Heigh ho!" cried he, "what ails you, my friends?"

The birds screamed and fluttered all the more when he came near, for fear of him; but he soon saw that a poor young robin, trying to fly down from the tree, had got caught among the prickly bushes. He helped it out, and then ran off, without waiting for Redbreast's song of thanks.

As he neared another farm-house, he heard a desolate "Peep! peep!" which made him look about him. Again he heard "Peep! peep! peep!" and, by following the sound, after much careful searching, he found a tiny chicken, that had strayed from its mother, and wandered about till it was tired nearly to death. Its poor wings drooped, and it had nestled down in the grass to die.

"You should not give it up so, little one," said Jem; "Madam Hen is somewhere about, I'll be bound."

So he took the chick up carefully, and sat still, with his head near the ground. Presently he heard, very faintly, "Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck!" Then he followed the sound, till he found an old brown hen with a fine flock of chicks. He put his little stray down on the ground near her, and oh, how it brightened up, and flew about after her with such a happy twitter! Jem waited to see that she did not peck it, so as to be sure he had the right hen, and then went back to the road.

Next he had to cross a pasture lot, where was a large flock of sheep. Soon he saw one of them butting a lamb most furiously, and ran to find out the reason, which, indeed, was quite plain. The poor wee thing had got lost from its mother, and was tiring itself out by running about after all the old sheep, for it could not tell the right one, and getting sorely butted in the bargain.

"I've too much business on hand this morning," sighed Jem. "Truly, Uncle Jack was right when he said that no one who kept his eyes and ears open could want for a chance to do good to somebody or something."

Nevertheless, he took the lamb about, all over the large field, till he found its mother, and felt well paid for his trouble when he saw how happy

it seemed. But when he regained the road, he felt that the morning was passing very fast. The sun had climbed a great way up his blue pathway, the sky, and was getting quite warm and fierce in his efforts to reach the noon-mark, the dew was all off the grass, and Jem feared he should not reach the whortleberry swamp till noon. For a time he proceeded without farther adventure; but, at length, just as he was in the midst of a calculation as to how many quarts of berries he could pick in three hours, and how much money they would bring him at ten cents a quart, he heard a great growling and squealing, and, looking down the road, saw a large dog chasing a pig. The pig was running this way and that, its ears hanging, bloody and torn, from the bites of the dog. Jem picked up a stone and ran to throw it at the dog.

"See here, sir!" cried he, "aren't you ashamed of yourself, to bite a poor pig in that way—when he's only going along the road, too, and harming nobody?"

"You'd better look out for yourself," shouted an angry voice, "and mind your own business! I sat that dog on the pig, myself."

"And may I ask what for, sir?"

"Why, for fun, of course—just to see him run," replied the boy—for the speaker was a boy, though older and larger than our friend.

"Then you're the one that ought to be ashamed, instead of the dog," replied Jem, quietly, "that is all I have to say."

"That will do very well," said the boy; "it's quite enough for the present. But what difference does it make to you, I should be pleased to know? It's no pig of yours."

"Very true," replied Jem; "but my Uncle Jack used to tell me that the same God who made this great world, and the sky, and the sun, and us, made the animals and insects to enjoy themselves, too; that He keeps them and cares for them just the same as for us. He is kind to us, you know, and gives us friends, and keeps us from harm and danger all the days and nights, and helps us if we are in trouble, and, if we do not do the same by them, He is displeased with us, because He wishes them to be happy too."

"Well, maybe you are right," answered the boy; "at any rate, Rover, you've had sport enough for this time; so come along, old fellow;" and, with a whistle to his dog, he sprang over the fence, and was soon out of sight.

Jem looked back, to see the pig quietly eating grass, and went on. At length he came in sight of some tall trees, which he thought must grow in the whortleberry swamp, and, as he was very tired and hungry, sat down under an oak tree by the roadside to eat his dinner. Scarcely, however, had he broken the shell from an egg, and spread the clean paper of salt upon his lap, when, looking up, he beheld, coming slowly towards him, a very feeble old man, leaning heavily upon his cane, as he tottered along. Jem

gave him his nice place in the shade, and seating himself upon the grass near by, began to eat his dinner; but the old man looked at it so wistfully, that Jem offered him a piece of the bread and butter.

"Thank you kindly, my young sir!" said he, as he took it. "I have had nothing to eat since yesterday noon."

Jem looked at his basket. It seemed more tempting than ever in the light of a new resolve; for he was hungry, too, and it would be a long time before he could get his supper. Might he not keep one little piece? "But, no," thought he; "this old man is hungrier than I, and may not get any supper;" so, with a pleasant smile, he placed it all upon the flat stone beside this new object of his ever-ready sympathy.

"Would you give me all your dinner?" said the man, in surprise, "and I, a poor, ragged stranger! No, no! I cannot take it, my young friend."

"Oh, it is no such great matter to me," replied Jem, cheerily; "you need it more than I, and may have to wait longer for your next meal; besides, I can get plenty of berries to eat, in the swamp."

"May the Lord repay you!" said the old man, "for I cannot, save with my blessing; but after all, it is no small thing to have the grateful prayers of the hungry whom you have fed. 'The blessing of the poor it maketh rich.'"

"I want no better pay," answered Jem, as with a "good-by" he took the footpath which led to the swamp. This, however, proved farther away than he had expected, and when at last he reached it, he was obliged to sit down and rest. "Ah," sighed he, "this is a poor beginning for my day's work. I shall hardly get my basket full and be home by sundown; but—hoigh ho! what a fine song!" he cried, as a little robin lit on one of the tall bushes, and began singing away as if his heart was so full of joy that he could not keep still.

"Are you the same fellow that I helped out of trouble this morning? I believe you are the very same, speckled breast and all, come to give me thanks, and say you are sorry that you helped make me late. Well, never mind; we'll have a good time yet. You shall sing while I gather berries, and who knows but we may fill the basket after all."

The bird seemed noways frightened at Jem's long speech, but hopped along the ground on its straight, stiff, little legs, and dove so eagerly after the bugs and worms that lay hidden in the grass, that our friend laughed in spite of his hunger and weariness.

"You mean to fill yours, at least," he said, "and set a good example for an idle fellow like me."

Whether or not the robin was the same Jem had helped, he liked to fancy so. It stayed by him for some time, cheering him by its songs and odd, busy ways. There were not many blueberries here; indeed, they were mostly red berries and unfit for eating; so, when redbreast flew away,

the boy pushed further into the swamp, where they grew thickly, and soon he could no longer see the bottom of the basket for the rich, blue-black clusters. Then he began, in fancy, to dispose of them. These he would give to his mother; but next day, if he could get leave, he would come again with a larger basket—yes, and bring this one, too—and fill them both with berries, which he would take to town and exchange for something very nice. What should it be? A new calico dress for his mother, or a pair of shoes for himself to wear to Sunday-school?

The dress, of course; for only last Sunday his mother stayed home from church for want of one; and he could go barefoot till he earned the shoes in some other way. Very busy and very happy was Jem, thinking how much money he would be able to earn as he grew older, and how, some day, he might have enough to keep his mother in a nice house, with neat calico dresses for every-day wear, and a silk one for Sundays, pushing on through the thick bushes to pick the great berry-clusters, never noticing that clouds were sailing up, full of big drops that were getting ready to come down and moisten the hot, dry earth. But at length he heard the thunder speaking, "yet a great way off," telling of the work that must be done in filling up the brooks and rivers, and washing the grass-blades, leaves, and corn-stalks, and saw that the clouds were shutting away the sunbeams, so that the air was cool and fresh, and that it was growing quite dark. Jem cast a sorrowful glance at his basket, not yet full.

"We must be going, friend," said he; "but, if it does not cloud too fast, I'll pick by the way. Here is a nice path, and if it does rain, why, the blueberries and I will get ourselves well washed, I suppose."

But the path did not come to the wood as soon as he thought it would, and the clouds grew blacker and blacker. At last he found an open space, covered with soft, thick grass, and with bushes growing thickly about it. This, he judged, must be near the wood; but the storm came up so fast, with such a strong wind, that he thought best to stop there. So he bent the bushes around, making quite a close shelter, and then crept into his leafy house to wait till the storm should be over. I dare say some boys would have been sadly frightened at thought of being alone in the woods during a thunder-storm, but Jem had been better taught. The rain spoke to him of God's love, as well as of the sunshine. He knew that all the trees, and plants, and flowers, and fields, had been thirsting for it a long time; that the little brooks would once more go singing over the pebbles, and there would now be water enough to turn the mill-wheel which had so long stood idle. So, though he would, no doubt, much rather have been at home in his snug chamber under the rafters, where he knew the rain-drops made soft, cooling music on the roof, yet he was not afraid, even when the sky

grew dark, and the thunder crashed heavily, and the air was pierced by the red tongues of the lightning, but closed his eyes, and thought of the sweet words he had learned at Sunday-school—

"Him no danger e'er can harm
Who lies cradled on Thine arm."

Down came the shower, swift and blinding, with a noise like the rush of mighty wings, and, even in his leafy shelter, our friend was drenched with rain. By and by, however, the drops fell slower and slower, then ceased entirely; the clouds broke away, and the sun shone forth in a flood of glory. But it was quite low, would soon be below the hills, and Jem was far from home; so he hastened away, without stopping, as was his wont, to hear the bursts of music with which the birds were greeting the sunset.

Nevertheless, the stars were throbbing in the sky, and the twilight shades were folded closely down over the earth when he gained the road. The way, as he passed the mile-marks, seemed to grow longer instead of shorter, for he was getting all the time more weary and hungry. At last, just as it seemed to him he could go no farther, he espied the light in the cottage window. Joy lent him new strength, and even quickened his footsteps as he passed the familiar waymarks, till, ere long, he had reached his humble but cheerful home, and returned his mother's joyful greeting. Their plain supper of white bread and fresh milk was sauced with Jem's well-earned blueberries, and, after this and their simple devotions, he gladly sought his little couch, that seemed softer than ever before to his tired limbs.

As he slept he dreamed—changeable dreams; some bright, some troubled. All the creatures he had seen that day seemed to gather around him. There were lambs, with long necklaces of great red whortleberries, that got tangled about his feet and tripped him up, so that he fell headlong over two old men with crutches and spilled all the berries from his basket. Then he was alone in the woods, and great fierce dogs chased him, while he could not run at all for flocks of chickens that kept getting in his way, till, at last, a drove of pigs chased the dogs away, at which he did not feel at all surprised. One never is surprised, you know, at the most unnatural things happening in dreams. At length he saw a gray cloud, which grew white and clear, till it parted in the centre, showing a most lovely woman. Her face was that of the girl at the farm-house gate, only far more beautiful than any he had ever seen before. She held out to him a little box, upon which was written, in blue and silver letters—"The Reward of Kindness." As he took it, he heard the sound of sweet music, and, looking about him, saw that it came from a company of robins singing in the trees beside him; but the red of their breasts seemed turned to pure gold, and their wings were flashing with gems brighter than dew-drops in the sun-

light. He turned to open his box, when, suddenly, a great light almost blinded him, and, putting up his hands to shade his eyes, he awoke. The moon was shining softly in at the window, and he lay a long time awake, thinking of the dream-lady, and wishing he could have seen what was in the box before waking.

At last he slept again, and only woke when the sun was far up in the sky, and the birds had left off singing for the more prosy work of hunting their breakfasts. He was too lame and ill, from the cold he had taken, to rise either that day or the next. The third morning he was surprised, on going to the window, to see the carriage of their most wealthy neighbor standing at the gate, and still more so when his mother told him, with a more cheerful look than she had worn since his father's death, that he was wanted below. Mr. Burns had with him a happy-looking, neatly-dressed old gentleman, who claimed to be the one to whom Jem had given all his dinner two days before.

"And," said Mr. Burns, "he is my father. Having a good situation, and not liking change, he remained in the old country while I came to the new. But, lately, there were sad fortunes for him, and he sat off, without writing, to find me. It was a long journey across the sea for one so feeble, and, soon after landing, he lost all his money; so he was forced to beg his bread, and hardly would he have reached me but for your kindness; and I have, from all who know you, the good account I expected from that act."

"Your friend who owns the large dog," continued he, with a smile, "tells me you have a great regard for the welfare of animals. Now, I have many sheep and cattle, beside various sorts of poultry, and every year I lose great numbers from the carelessness of those who tend them. I am sure you would care well for them, and if you will take that place, you shall have eight dollars a month, besides a good home, and every spring six fine lambs from the flock. Your mother has promised to come, too, and mind the dairy and farm-house."

Jem was almost too happy to speak. His fondest hopes were realized. Here was the nice home for his mother and the work for himself. And here we will leave him, only saying that the kindness of heart which had won him friends, never failed to keep them, neither did he ever forget that all our good gifts are from God.

A SATISFACTORY REASON.—"What is the reason of a blow leaving a blue mark after it?" asked an inquiring young gentleman. "It is easily accounted for," answered a medical student; "for you know that blow in the perfect makes blue."

When is a hen most likely to hatch? When she is in earnest (her nest).

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

THE OTHER WORLD.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It lies around us like a cloud—

A world we do not see;

Yet the sweet closing of an eye

May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheeks

Amid our worldly cares;

Its gentle voices whisper love,

And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,

Sweet helping hands are stirred,

And palpitates the veil between

With breathing almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet, and calm,

They have no power to break;

For mortal words are not for them

To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide

So near to press they seem—

They seem to lull us to our rest,

And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring

'Tis easy now to see

How lovely and how sweet to pass

The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,

Wrapped in a trance of bliss,

And gently drawn in loving arms,

To swoon to that—from this:

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep.

Scarce asking where we are,

To feel all evil sink away,

All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,

Press nearer to our side,

Into our thoughts, into our prayers,

With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,

A dried and vanished stream;

Your joy be the reality,

Our suffering life the dream.

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean

Sail among the swiftest fleet,

Rocking on the highest billows,

Laughing at the storms you meet,

You can stand among the sailors,

Anchored yet within the bay.

You can lend a hand to help them,

As they launch their boats away.

(260)

If you are too weak to journey

Up the mountain, steep and high,

You can stand within the valley,

While the multitudes go by,

You can chant a happy measure,

As they slowly pass along;

Though they may forget the singer,

They will not forget the song.

If you have no gold or silver

Ever ready to command;

If you cannot toward the needy,

Reach an ever open hand,

You can visit the afflicted,

O'er the erring you can weep,

You can be a true disciple,

Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict

Prove yourself a soldier true,

If, where fire and smoke are thickest,

There's no work for you to do,

When the battle-field is silent,

You can go with careful tread,

You can bear away the wounded,

You can cover up the dead.

If you cannot in the harvest

Gather up the richest sheaves,

Glean the grains, so ripe and golden,

That the careless reaper leaves.

Go and search among the briers

Growing rank beneath the wall,

It may be in their shadow

Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

Do not then stand idly waiting

For some greater work to do;

Fortune is a lazy goddess,

She will never come to you;

Go and toil in any vineyard,

Do not fear to do or dare,

If you want a field of labor,

You can find it *anywhere*.

SIMPLY TRUSTING.

I know not the way I am going,

But well do I know my Guide;

With a child-like trust I give my hand

To the mighty Friend by my side.

The only thing that I say to Him,

As He takes it, is, "Hold it fast;

Suffer me not to lose my way,

And bring me home at last."

"THERE'S BUT ONE PAIR OF STOCKINGS TO MEND TO-NIGHT."

An old wife sat by her bright fireside,
Swaying thoughtfully to and fro
In an ancient chair, whose creaky caw
Told a tale of long ago;

While down by her side, on the kitchen floor,
Stood a basket of worsted balls—a score.

The good man dozed o'er the latest news,
Till the light of his pipe went out;
And, unheeded, the kitten with cunning paws
Rolled and tangled the balls about;
Yet still sat the wife in the ancient chair,
Swaying to and fro in the fire-light glare.

But anon a misty tear-drop came
In her eyes of faded blue,
Then trickled down in a furrow deep,
Like a single drop of dew;
So deep was the channel—so silent the stream—
The good man saw nought but the dimmed eye beam.

Yet marvelled he much that the cheerful light
Of her eye had weary grown,
And marvelled he more at the tangled balls—
So he said in a gentle tone,
"I have shared thy joys since our marriage vow,
Conceal not from me thy sorrows now."

Then she spoke of the time when the basket there
Was filled to the very brim;
And now, there remained of the goodly pile
But a single pair—for him;
Then wonder not at the dimmed eye-light;
There's but one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

I cannot but think of the busy feet,
Whose wrappings were wont to lay
In the basket, awaiting the needle's time—
Now wandered so far away;
How the sprightly steps to a mother, dear,
Unheeded fall on the careless ear.

For each empty nook in the basket old,
By the hearth there's a vacant seat;
And I miss the shadows from off the wall,
And the patter of many feet;
'Tis for this that a tear gathered over my sight
At the one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

'Twas said that far through the forests wild,
And over the mountains bold,
Was a land whose rivers and darkening caves
Were gemmed with the rarest gold;
Then my first-born turned from the oaken door—
And I knew the shadows were only fear.

Another went forth on the foaming wave,
And diminished the basket's store;
But his feet grew cold—so weary and cold—
They'll never be warm any more—
And this nook, in its emptiness, seemeth to me
To give forth no voice but the moan of the sea.

Two others have gone towards the setting sun
And made them a home in its light,
And fairy fingers have taken their share
To mend by the fireside bright;
Some other basket their garments fill—
But mine is emptier still.

Another—the dearest—the fairest—the best—
Was taken by the angels away,
And clad in a garment that waxeth not old,
In a land of continual day;
Oh! wonder no more at the dimmed eye-light,
When I mend the one pair of stockings to-night.

LOVE'S WORDS.

A little head with golden hair,
A little face so sweet and fair,
A little hand with its dimpled grace,
It wanders lovingly over my face,
And a sweet voice whispers soft and low,
"I love you, sister—I love you so."

It is dreary outside—the wind and rain
Sweep sobbing by, like a funeral train;
But there's light within—my heart beats high,
I heed not the wild wind's wailing cry,
As I list to the murmur soft and low,
"I love you, sister—I love you so."

Ah! what is fame but an empty show,
Luring us on through fields of snow?
Ah! what is wealth but a glittering chain,
Linking our hearts to the wind and rain,
If we hear not murmured, soft and low,
The sweet, fond words, "I love you so?"

"I love you, sister!" ah, murmur it o'er,
They're the echoed words of another shore,
Where the streets are gold and the robes are white,
Where there comes no storm with its bitter blight,
Where many hearts we have missed below
Are murmuring still, "We love you so!"

THE FOLDED LAMB.

A little lamb that sported at our feet,
Or, when caressed, within our arms would lie,
Fainted beneath the summer's fervid heat,
And laid it down to die.

We watched, and hoped with fondest love and care
It might revive—the wee pet of our home;
We asked of God the boon in earnest prayer;
But the dear lamb is gone!

The gentle Shepherd raised it to His breast;
"Tis mine," He said—we could not it withhold—
From hunger, thirst and heat secure 'twill rest
Within the heavenly fold.

"Know ye My voice? then press with willing feet
The rugged path o'er which My glory beams;
Beyond ye shall again your darling meet,
Beside the living streams."

Christian Intelligencer.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

AUNTY'S IDEA.

When I took my sewing into the sitting-room the next morning, I found Aunty stirring around briskly in the development of the "idea" referred to in the February No. of the "Home." My bottle of mullage stood heating before the register, for it had been standing for several weeks in a cold room, and was a little stiff upon the brush; a fresh sheet of Bristol board lay upon the sewing-table, together with my box of woodland treasures—bits of moss, pine-cones, tiny acorns from scrub-oaks, lichens, grasses, barks, and a few dried ferns.

"Well, I declare!" I exclaimed, as I halted on the threshold, "commend me to a young convert for zeal in good works. Only convinced yesterday that anything could be done with these foolish things, and here you are, this morning, buried to the ears in my treasures, and, for aught I know, contemplating the robbery of all my wealth.

Aunty proceeded at once to the development of her plans. Attacking the subject in her vigorous way, she explained that the country church of which she was a member ("in good and regular standing") proposed, during the coming spring, to make important alterations in its house of worship; the old pulpit was to come down some twenty feet, nearly to a level with the audience room; the square side pews were to be taken out, and various other alterations, too numerous to mention, were contemplated. Now according to the most approved modern plan, the ladies had assumed to undertake the fresh upholstering of the edifice, and funds to that end were to be raised by a fair. Aunty had been commissioned by the select committee on fancy goods to "keep an eye open" during her sojourn in the city for such various fancy articles as would be likely to "sell," to find out how they were made, and, if possible, to bring back patterns of the same to the committee aforesaid. So I found that the "idea" which had taken possession of my ancient relative, was none other than to undertake the copying of my little piece of rustic work for the ultimate benefit of the church and community of Humbleville.

After making the explanation as above, Aunty sat for some time puzzling her brain over the various designs of crosses which she had found among my "materials." A queer expression had settled upon her features—half doubt, half perplexity—altogether quite indescribable.

"Well, what is it?" I inquired after watching her a moment. "Can't you decide which one to take? Here is the Grecian, and the Maltese, and the more common form in all sorts of positions."

"I'm sure you must be very fastidious if you can find nothing in my collection to please you."

"Oh, it isn't that," said Aunty, with a comical hesitancy; "but our church is Presbyterian, you know, and I don't know as the ladies would like to use these. You couldn't make that centre-piece a Bible, now; could you? or—"

"Or a Westminster catechism, or a Saybrook platform? No, indeed, Aunty, the thing is not to be thought of. I'm a good Presbyterian myself, and as blue as need be; but I got over that idea long ago. My opinion is that we all err as to this symbol of Divine love. The Catholics make too much of it and the Presbyterians not enough; but that's nothing to do with our rustic work. The cross makes the prettiest design that I know of for the picture. I have a number of brilliant ideas in my head which I never yet have had time to develop—pictures formed in my brain only which have not found their way to paper; and as I fear they never may, I throw them out as hints to you, who have more leisure to work them up. One is a rustic gate of stile made of bark, vines trailing over it, a bed of mosses, and tiny shells, and stones. Another is the stump of an old tree, with moss clinging and vines clambering up its sides, flowers at the foot, etc., etc. But these things will not help you at the present. You make the cross, and I will take the responsibility with the ladies of the fair."

So we got to work in earnest. Aunty, though a practical sort of a body in most things, yet had a touch of poetry in her, which developed as the work proceeded. She was a little clumsy at first, and did not succeed at once in getting the cross adjusted rightly; for the mullage clung more persistently to her fingers than to the paper, and several pieces of the birch bark were spoiled before this part of the work was complete.

I allowed her to take her own choice of plans in placing the adornments about the cross. She preferred not to make it exactly like mine, she said, and so I left her to carry out the design as she pleased. When it was completed, she brought it to me for inspection. I could not repress a cry of admiration. "That is truly beautiful, Aunty; I really think you have improved upon your instructress."

A convolvulus or morning-glory vine clambered up the cross, running in its own wild way (as only one who knew its habits well could have pictured it) over base and pedestal, and spreading out upon the ground in wild luxuriance at the foot. A single thread climbed to the top, gracefully entwining

its support, and bearing here and there a blossom on its tender stem.

What did she make it of? Well, the vine was formed of bits of long, delicate, trailing moss. Every delicate fibre was separated by a pin, after it had been soaked in water a little while (and of the rare beauty of some of these mosses, when thus prepared, I should like some time to tell you, if you have not already noticed them yourself). Then the flowers were nothing but the tiniest, daintiest little cups of the cup-moss. I must confess that I looked at these beauties a little regretfully; for they had been gathered with infinite pains, and were really very choice specimens, both in texture, size and color. Most were of delicate lavender color, but some were mottled with a bright red mould; others were almost blue, and some a pure, clear white. These Aunty had arranged with exquisite taste, and her eyes beamed with delight when I expressed my satisfaction at her success.

"It is worthy a handsome frame," I said; "and I mean to purchase one for it, which shall be my donation to the fair."

So we went down town and bought a handsome carved black walnut frame (we were fortunate enough to find one with a convolvulus design), and Aunty took it home with her, and it was duly exhibited at the fair.

"It was sold the very first day," Aunty wrote me, afterwards. "A city gentleman took it as soon as he laid eyes upon it, and said it was well worth the ten dollars that we asked for it."

That was not the end of Aunty's "idea." In this visit she had learned something of the value and beauty of the common things which surrounded her in her country life; and of the ultimate result in the old house—the rustic baskets, tables and pictures which I saw when I was last there, I will perhaps tell you at some future time.

WINE IN EARTHEN VESSELS.

From the German of Engel.

The more the Emperor's daughter conversed with the Rabbi Joshua, the more she delighted his sagacity, stimulated his knowledge, and edified his morals. But once there escaped from her, as if involuntarily, the words—"What a beautiful soul, and what an ugly case! Could not such lovely virtue dwell in a more beautiful body?"

"Tell me, great princess," said the Rabbi to her after a while, "in what is your noble father's wine kept?"

"In earthen vessels."

"Impossible! every citizen keeps his in such. The Emperor's wine should be kept in gold and silver ones."

"Thou art right," replied the princess; "that would be more fit. It shall be so henceforward."

The wine spoiled; its spirit escaped.

"Thou hast consulted me badly," said the Em-

peror's daughter, after a time. "My father's wine has spoiled in the splendid vessels."

"Very probably," replied Joshua; "so virtue and knowledge prosper the best in the least beautiful bodies."

JEANNE.

Tender handed stroke the nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with common natures:
Use them kindly, they rebel;
But be as rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues will use you well. A. HILL.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

I.

CHARADE.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet:
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within:
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

II.

A RIDDLE.

I am first in the last, in the lost I am found,
In the field you will see me, though not in the ground;
In the lily, and lilac, and lotus I'm hid;
Though not seen in the eye, I am known to its lid;
In the castle I lurk, in the palace I'm seen,
Though banished, alas! from the cot on the green;
Deep hid in the violet's bosom I dip;
Indeed, I'm the very first thing on your lip;
Though not known to the river, I'm found in its flow;
Unseen in the breezes, I'm still in their blow:
Not felt it the fire, I'm part of the coal;
And am, aye, the last thing that is found in the bowl;

When you turn to the right, tho' of me you're be-
reft,
I'm the very first thing that you meet on your left.
I always am heard at the toll of the bell,
And am lying, like truth, at the end of a well.
Is a lady without me? don't deign to accost her,
You'll find her a sad begging-letter impostor.
You will certainly own that I'm present at lunch,
Tho' absent when dinner or breakfast you munch;
And yet I'm never away at your meals,
And you have me alike in soles, salmon and eels.
In mutton, beef, chickens, altho' I am missed,
Yet in veal, and in lamb, and in fowls I exist.
Hid on your pillow, tho' not on your bed,
Say, gentles, my name, for my riddle is read.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN MARCH No.—The let-
ter W.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS.

It is now time for the ladies to be contriving their spring toilettes. For travelling and walking dresses the short skirts will be most decidedly in favor. A few hints respecting these may not come amiss at this time.

The following is a simple, charming toilette for a young girl; the material is gray cashmere, the petticoat is plain, but the skirt, which is shorter, is cut out in square scallops round the edge, and trimmed with a double row of cerise satin galloon, gathered. The skirt is fastened the entire length of the front with cerise silk buttons. The bodice consists of a gray corslet and narrow braces, both trimmed with cerise satin. There is no band, the waist being simply corded with cerise satin. The short *paletôt-sac* is made of gray cashmere, lined with gray silk, and trimmed all round with a double row of cerise galloon. On the left shoulder there is a tasteful bow, consisting of three loops and two flowing ends. This stylish costume can be copied in poplin, and trimmed with black velvet, or in any fancy material, and ornamented with black braid. It is always fashionable and ladylike.

Dresses made expressly for afternoon driving or visiting, are cut *en redingote*. A pearl gray poplin *redingote*, trimmed up the seams of the skirt with narrow cross-cut bands of white satin, is the fashionable outdoor toilette for a youthful married woman. Lace is again worn on afternoon dresses intended for weddings, visits, and other ceremonious occasions, and is usually arranged above the pleating which borders the skirt. *Basquines* fitting the figure are again very popular; they are so much more graceful and becoming than the short loose *paletôt*, therefore their reintroduction is easily understood.

The prettiest form of short dresses is the skirt straight round the edge and cut up at the sides; this style harmonizes best with the short straight *paletôt*, likewise cut up at the sides.

The hair is still worn in the "waterfall" style. Some ladies wear their *chignons* ridiculously high and of an exaggerated size, with too extravagantly long curls at the back in the place of ribbons. It is far better taste to accept the decrees of fashion in moderation, instead of adopting these eccentric extremes.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CIVIL WAR; A Record of Heroism, Patriotism, and Patience. By L. P. Brockett, M. D., author of "History of the Civil War," "Life of Abraham Lincoln," "The Camp, the Battle-Field, and the Hospital," &c., and Mrs. Mary C. Vaughan, with an introduction by Henry W. Bellows, D. D., President United States Sanitary Commission. Illustrated with sixteen steel engravings. Philadelphia: Zeigler, McCurdy & Co., 501 Chestnut St.

We have been favored by the publishers with the proof sheets of the above work, which is nearly ready for publication, and have been much gratified by their perusal. The authors have arranged their work well. After Dr. Bellows' able introduction, we have an introductory chapter portraying, in general terms, and with great vividness and force, the various methods in which the patriotic zeal of American Women developed itself, and the struggles, labors and privations they endured for the sake of their country. The thousands of nameless heroines, who in obscure and remote hamlets, or in the crowded wards of the great cities, toiled unremittingly to do something for the soldiers, are not forgotten.

In the order of arrangement, Miss Dix, as Superintendent of Nurses, has the first place. Then follow as Part II. sketches of between eighty and

ninety ladies who in field, camp, or general hospitals ministered to the sick or wounded, as well as accomplished much other good.

Part III. gives a series of brief histories of those great central organizations, the branches of the United States Sanitary, Western Sanitary, and Christian Commissions, and independent associations of women, which accomplished so much for the army, with incidental sketches of those of their officers who devoted their whole time to the work.

Part IV. gives sketches of some of the most earnest laborers among the Freedmen and Refugees. Part V. contains the brief history of the Volunteer Refreshment Saloons, which have made Philadelphia so famous, the world over, and the noble women who were most active in them, as well as those connected with Soldiers' Homes, &c., in other cities. Part VI. gives some sketches of those who have been actively patriotic in other directions; and a final chapter of brief mention of those whose services merit some place in such a record, completes the book.

The sketches we have read are written with great ability and vigor; there is no sameness, no dullness in them, but the diversity of the experience of the ladies, and the numerous and thrilling

incidents interspersed, give the book a perpetual charm, which must delight even the most envious of readers. The authors have availed themselves, we are told, of the aid of some of the most gifted writers in the country, in the preparation of several of these sketches.

Philadelphia is largely represented among these heroic women—Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Husband, Mrs. Dr. Parrish, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Grier, Mrs. Clara J. Moore, Miss Anna M. Ross, Miss Vance, Mrs. Greble, and many others, are among the worthies of whom our city has cause to be proud.

The engravings are admirable, as indeed they should be, being the best productions of such engravers as Sartain and Ritchie, and the typography will show that Philadelphia printers have no cause to fear the competition of Boston, Cambridge, or New York.

We welcome this book most heartily, as the only record of Woman's Work in the war which makes any approach to completeness.

THE WOMEN OF THE GOSPELS: The Three Wavings, and Other Poems. By the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family." New York: M. W. Dodd. 1867.

A volume pervaded by a deep religious feeling and a tender humanity. It is full of lessons of faith and patience. We marked several of the poems with the intention of copying them, but find space for only the following, every verse of which is a sermon:—

"THE CRUSE THAT FAILETH NOT."

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother;

Love Divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scatter'd, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? do thy steps drag wearily?

Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?

Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded round thee moan;

Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;

Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain can its ceaseless longings still.

Is the heart a living power? self-entwin'd, its strength sinks low;

It can only live in loving, and by serving, love will grow.

NEW GOSPEL OF PEACE, ACCORDING TO ST. BENJAMIN. New York: American News Co.

The authorship of these very shrewd and entertaining chronicles has never yet been acknowledged to the public. The publishers of the present volume avow that he never has revealed his identity to them, and although there has been a vast amount of conjecture and many wise guesses, the public seem no nearer a solution of the mystery now than before. The very cute *hits* and sarcasms of the little volumes which appeared from time to time during the progress of the war, were the source of infinite amusement to the Northern people, and we doubt not there are many who will be glad to secure and preserve them in the compact and handsome form in which they are now offered to the public by the enterprising publishing house of the American News Company.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. By W. T. Adams. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Widely known as "Oliver Optic" in the world of "little people," Mr. Adams bids fair to achieve success also in writing for the entertainment of children of larger growth. The story before us is very interesting, and the lessons taught are valuable and instructive.

THE GIRAFFE HUNTERS. By Captain Mayne Reid. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

We think Captain Mayne Reid can put an encyclopædia before his young readers in a more entertaining manner than any other writer of the age. Boys will swallow more dry, hard facts and long words—when covered over with his thin sugar coating of a story—than a schoolmaster could drill into them with years of patient application. Captain Reid becomes dry and tiresome to his older readers after a little; but the boys seem to find in his works an ever fresh delight. This book is much like the others that have preceded it from the same pen. There are the same boys—so wonderfully versed in natural history—both ornithology and zoology, and they meet with the same kind of wonderful adventures, the accounts of which have charmed boys from time immemorial, and doubtless will so continue for ages to come.

THE NEW CHURCH MONTHLY.

We have the first two numbers of a new periodical, (see prospectus among advertisements) designed to present and advocate the doctrines taught in the theological writings of Swedenborg. These writings, however different the estimate placed upon them by men of different creeds, are yearly attracting more and more attention. It is discovered by those who look into them with care, that they disclose a profound philosophy of God and creation, harmonising in the clearest and most beautiful manner His Word and His Works, and that every chapter and page teach the doctrine that the essence of all religion is to do good.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN.

This question continues to force itself upon public attention, some of the best minds of the age taking ground in its favor. Men and women who, twenty years ago, could not listen to an affirmative argument on the subject with any degree of patience, are now its warm advocates, and see in it the means of social and political reforms long retarded, yet essential to the order and well being of society. There is, probably, about as much truth in the assumption that, because in man the rational is predominant, and in woman the affectional, she must not engage in intellectual and professional pursuits, as there is in that kindred fallacy born of an evil love of dominion, which assumes that certain races of men are destined to rule, and others to serve. One thing is certain, the ruling classes among nations, thus far, have not been very much devoted to the common good, and the people have had few rights and privileges not wrested from them by force. A new and better political element is wanted, and we may gain this when woman's finer perceptive intelligence, love of justice, and gentler nature become felt in public affairs.

On this subject, we take a few paragraphs from an article in the *Home Journal*, which are worthy of thought:—

"This matter of woman's rights is not an anomaly in the order of the universe, not a mere question of municipal regulation, nor yet an appeal to the gallantry of gentlemen.

"The movement comes as the natural outgrowth of the profoundest spiritual laws governing the development of the human race, the logical results of centuries of Christian teaching, an inevitable step in the establishment of human society in the Divine order.

"Woman, therefore, as mere woman—a sort of weaker, prettier man—has no particular claim for the suffrage of citizenship, has no wish for it, and would make but a poor use of it. But woman, as the embodiment of that element which is said to be the chief character of the Deity, should have a direct, tangible, and effective means of making her spirit and intelligence avail in determining public opinion, and in deciding upon measures for the common good.

"As society and institutions are now constituted, the ballot offers to woman this means of expression most effectively; and the ballot, therefore, she should have. She should have it, firstly, that the public good may be best secured; and, secondly, that she may command that independence and consideration in her career which are so essential to the true life of every intelligent being."

See list of book premiums given for subscribers to "*Children's Hour*."

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SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

It is a hopeful sign of the times, that so many are turning their thoughts to the preparation of books, periodicals, and music for children; and this, outside of mere denominational limits. What children read and sing takes hold upon the memory, and produce states of mind that influence them through life. The whole future of a child may be determined by the strong bias to good or evil given by a book or a song. To have pure and true sentiments expressed in the songs and hymns sung by our children at home and in schools, becomes, therefore, a thing of deep concern to every one.

It is then, with no ordinary pleasure, that we announce the early appearance, in Chicago, of a quarterly publication of music for children. It is intended to meet all their wants "by the Evening Fireside, around the Family Altar, in the Singing Class, in the Social Circle, in the Day School, or the Sabbath School," and will, of course, require a great variety of music. The publishers are Messrs. Root & Cady, to whom our young people are already large debtors for music suited to their wants. They have issued a little pamphlet of remarkable pith and discrimination, signifying to contributors and all who write juvenile songs and hymns suitable to be set to music, what kind of POETRY they desire, and what errors and faults in particular they wish their contributors to avoid. They have shown by their pamphlet, that they fully appreciate the importance of the work upon which they have entered, and we think they cannot fail of success, for they are certainly moving in the right direction.

DIAMOND DICKENS.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have commenced the publication of a diamond edition of the works of Charles Dickens. The first volume now before us, containing the "*Pickwick Papers*," is illustrated with sixteen full page wood cuts, from original designs by Kytinge, and has a fine steel engraved likeness of the author. The page is a small 16mo, double column, with a clear-faced type; the paper good, and the binding handsome. This new edition of Dickens is to be issued at the rate of a volume a month, and cannot fail to meet with a large demand.

We particularly refer our readers to the article giving an account of the *Children's Hospital* in this city.

For \$4.50 we send the *Home Magazine* and *Lady's Book* each one year.

For \$3.50 we will send the *Lady's Book* and *Children's Hour*.

For \$3 we will send *Home Magazine* and *Children's Hour*.

FASHIONS.

Furnished by Mme. Demorest for the Home Magazine.

Fig. 1.—Evening dress of pink unwatered moire, with mesh and waistband of black watered ribbon starred with shiny lace, and cut with a train.



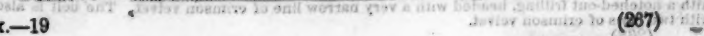
Fig. 2.—An open or dinner dress of white corded silk, edged round the bottom of the skirt with a thick braid of pink satin.



Fig. 3.—Evening dress of white tulle, ornamented with double riches of the same, box-plaited and pinked-out. Poplin trims, trimmed to match.



Fig. 4.—Walking dress of gray silk cord and chenille. The poplin is cut up on the sides, and trimmed to match.





No. 1.—PIQUE SUIT.

No. 1.—This suit consists of a skirt and jacket without sleeves, of buff pique, scalloped out, and embroidered with black. The skirt is laid in large plaits, and attached to a belt. The jacket reaches to the top of the belt, and is worn over a waist of fine striped muslin. The upper row of scallops is formed of black embroidery braid.



No. 2.—SASH PEPLUM.

No. 2.—A very dressy peplum, to be worn over white thin dresses. Five sashes, rounded upon the ends and extending down upon the skirt, alternate with short rounded basques, the whole trimmed very effectively with pinked-cut ruching and rosettes of the same. The belt also is fastened with a rosette.



No. 3.—LITTLE GIRL'S FOURREAU DRESS.

No. 3.—Gored dress of gray foulard de laine for a little girl of four or five years. The seams of the gored breadths are covered with narrow plaid braid, and the skirt and bodice cut out in square dents, which are bound with braid of the same description. The little spring basque, cut out in squares around the waist, is attached to a belt.



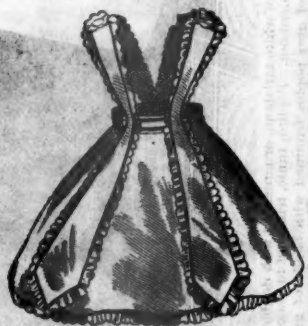
No. 4.—DRESS PEPLUMS.

No. 4.—This is open on the sides and cut out in crescents, which are trimmed round with lace and ribbon, and united together with rosettes of lace with a silk button in the centre. The peplum is attached to a trimmed belt, and has a simulated pocket in front. The trimming is black lace.



No. 5.—PEPLUM JACKET FOR BABY.

No. 5.—This pretty jacket, or peplum *sec*, is for a baby two years old. It may be made in white merino, beaded in gold; or in blue, beaded with small white opaque beads; or in red, beaded with black. The latter style is suitable for a girl of five or six years, and for such a one the same pattern can be used enlarged.



No. 6.—THE "SASH" APRON.

No. 6.—A pretty apron in black silk for a girl of five or six years. This is made with bretelles upon the shoulders, which extend down in sashes upon the front breadth. Sashes, bretelles and skirt are all edged with a notched-out frilling, headed with a very narrow line of crimson velvet. The belt is also ornamented with two rows of crimson velvet.



SPRING WALKING DRESS.

Skirt and jacket of gray mohair, the skirt partially gored, the jacket cut out in nearly square lapels, which, however, are divided so as to allow the trimming to be seen upon the seams of the skirt. This trimming consists of black galloon, and extends down the entire length, forming darts on each side. It is repeated upon the lapels of the jacket and upon the back part of the sleeves.



No. 1.

No. 1.—RUFFLE SLEEVE.—Handsomely made in fine winsey or poplin, and trimmed with bands of black jet gimp or passementerie, with tasseled pendants.



No. 2.

No. 2.—HENRIETTA SLEEVE.—A handsome sleeve in silk, poplin, or foulard. The seam is under the arm, but a trimming of lace headed with gimp, is put on in scallops upon the front of the sleeve, each point finished with a lace rosette.



BONNETS.

No. 1.—**THE BERGERS BONNET.**—This is one of the most becoming of the new spring styles. It has a large, low crown, a rim forming a narrow cape, and brim, which extends into ears at the sides, and a bandeau across the front. The present model is of white fancy chip, the braid edged with fine black chenille. The rim at the back is covered with crystal fringe, the bandeau is of rose-colored ribbon covered with lace, and ornamented with crystal fringe. The trimming consists of rose-colored ribbon in flat bows laid across the crown, crossed down the centre with a twisted cord of hair straw, dropped with crystal. A bunch of white geranium, barbes of rich blonde, and bow, with ends of rose-colored ribbon.

No. 2.—**THE MIGNON BONNET.**—A style similar to the "Sevigne." The crown is upright instead of laying flat, and is surrounded with a narrow standing brim, and cape of violet silk, laid in fine folds, and edged with white chip. A braid, composed of two strands of violet ribbon, and forming what is known among children as "cat's stairs," surrounds the crown, and descends as a cordon upon the shoulder nearly to the waist. It is studded with bunches of white lilac, tipped with crystal. Crystal pendants are attached to the end of the cordon. Crystal pendants over a bandeau of violet ribbon, and a bunch of lilacs constitutes the face trimming.

No. 3.—**THE CASTILIAN.**—A very stylish little bonnet, with a crown like the Casquette, surmounted by an oval brim at the front, and an oval cape at the back. The material is mouse-colored crape laid plain upon a stiff foundation. The brim, cape, and band across the top are composed of narrow folds of crape, and green silk, with an edge of mixed fancy straw. A simple bunch of roses, with green metallic burrs attached forms a sufficient garniture.

No. 4.—**A Casquette,** with turn-up brim of Coburg straw, ornamented with green velvet bows and straw buttons. A little bunch of green crape wheat, with silk springing out of the ears, and a straw ladder of the daintiest workmanship, descending in long, pendant ends, with straw ornaments attached.

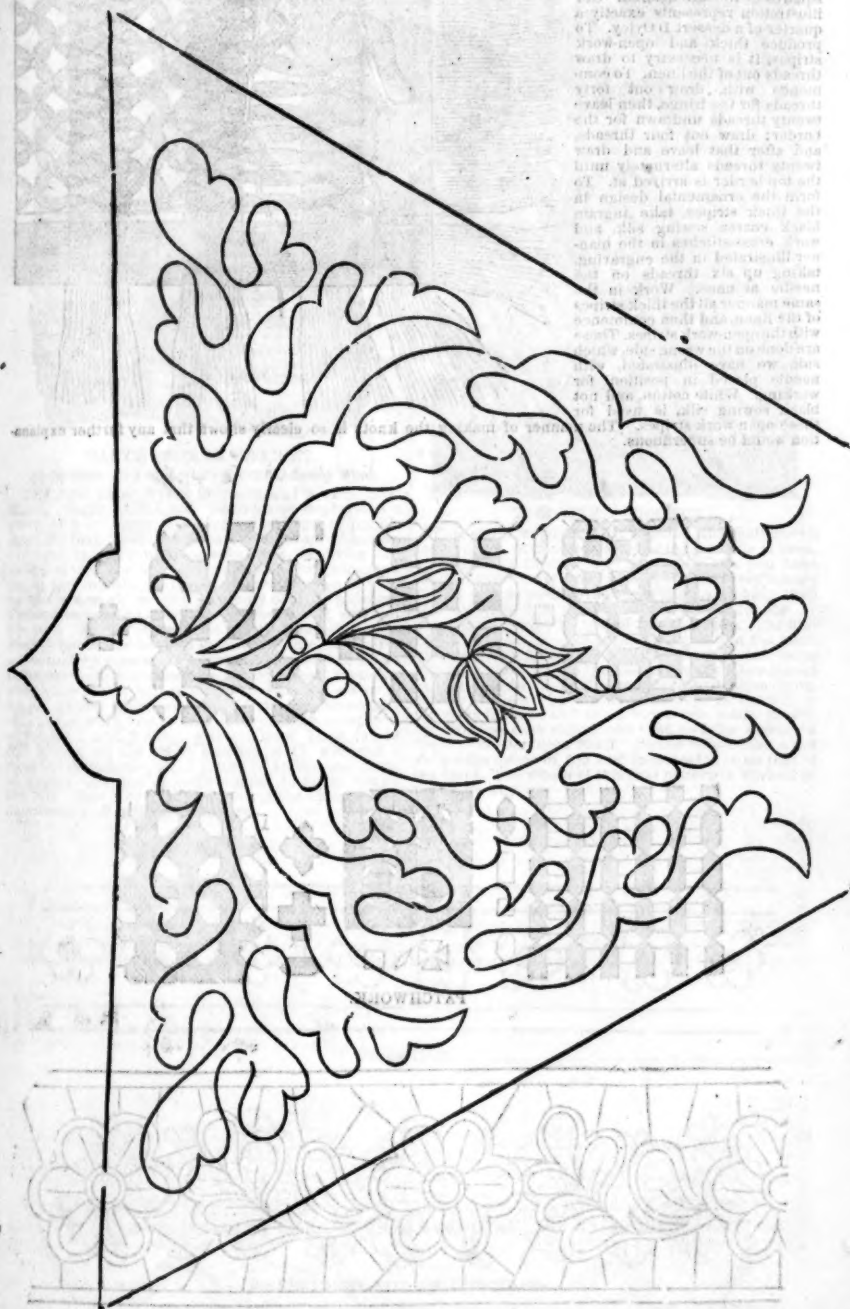
No. 5.—**THE VIVIAN.**—For a girl eight to twelve years. It is of white chip edged with amber drops; and is trimmed with half wreath, and cordon of black braided ribbon. Cordon of white straw feather cord, knotted, and finished with tassels.

No. 6.—**BERGERS BONNET.**—This shape is precisely like that of the other. But instead of straw, the crown is made of lace upon a stiff foundation, and covered with rouleaux of straw-colored silk, alternating with crystal beads. The rim and bandeau are made of straw lace, dotted with fine crystal beads, over puffed lace, an additional band of silk underneath sustaining the bandeau. Garniture of straw-colored daisies, and bow with very long end, and benetton of narrow straw-colored ribbon.



EMBROIDERY.

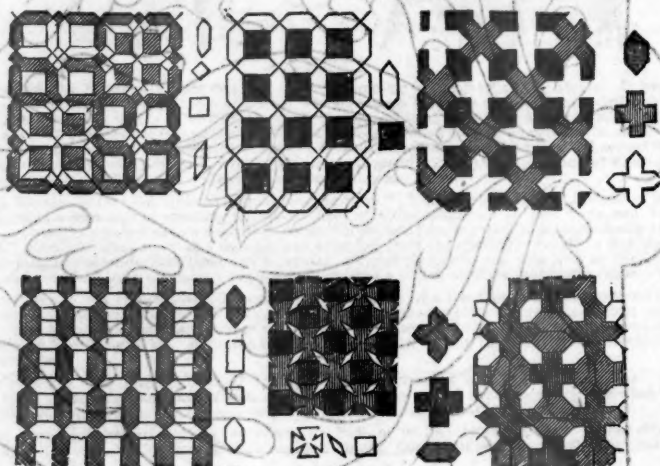
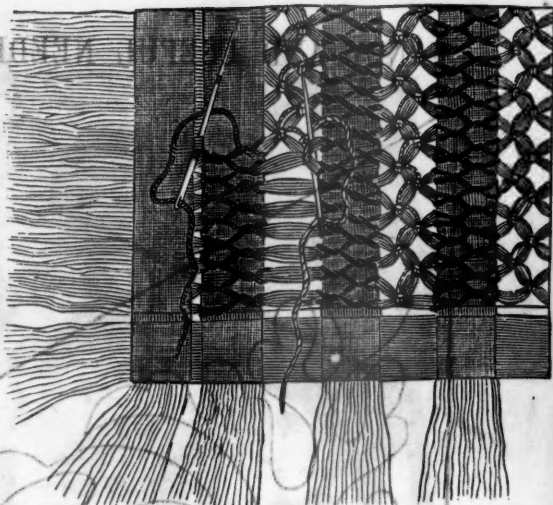
FANCY AND USEFUL NEEDLE-WORK.



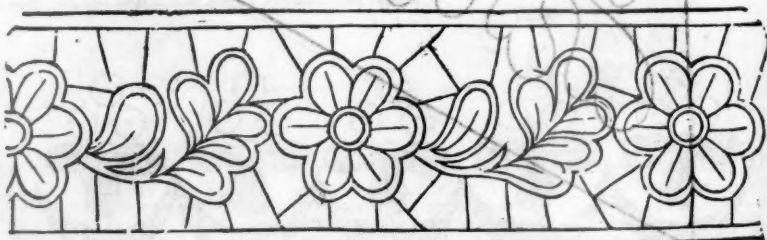
SLIPPER PATTERN.

DESSERT D'OYLEY — OPEN- WORK ON LINEN.

This is an entirely new style of work. Procure some Irish linen of a coarse quality, cut it into squares of the size desired. Our illustration represents exactly a quarter of a dessert D'Oyley. To produce thick and open-work stripes, it is necessary to draw threads out of the linen. To commence with, draw out forty threads for the fringe, then leave twenty threads undrawn for the border; draw out four threads, and after that leave and draw twenty threads alternately until the top border is arrived at. To form the ornamental design in the thick stripes, take ingrain black coarse sewing silk, and work cross-stitches in the manner illustrated in the engraving, taking up six threads on the needle at once. Work in the same manner all the thick stripes of the linen, and then commence with the open-work stripes. These are done on the wrong side, which side we have illustrated, with needle placed in position for working. White cotton, and not black sewing silk, is used for these open-work stripes. The manner of making the knots is so clearly shown that any further explanation would be superfluous.



PATCHWORK.



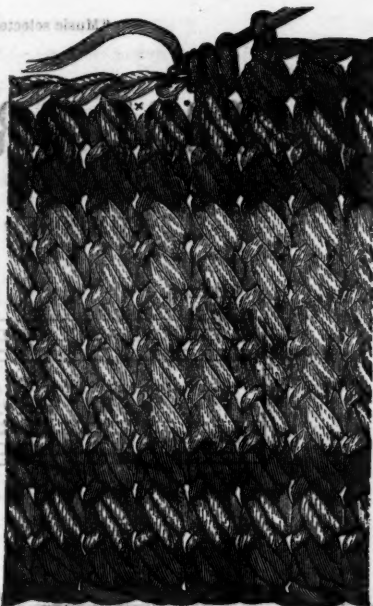
INSERTION.



BABY'S SHOE IN CROCHET.

Materials.—Red and white 4-thread fleecy wool.

This little shoe is easy to make, and a very good shape. Begin at the toe. With white wool make a chain of 9 stitches; turn, work 4 stitches of double crochet; then 2 stitches in one, and 4 more as before. Continue to work in double-crochet, inserting the needle at the back of the stitches, and always increasing in the middle. When you have worked 11 ribs, or 22 rows, work on one side only over 15 stitches; without increasing, work 8 ribs; fasten off, and cut the wool. Fasten it on again on the other side, and work 8 more ribs over 15 stitches. Unite both sides at the back by a seam. Cut out a good pattern of a sole in paper, work it in close crochet, or *crochet à tricoter*, with white wool; join it on to the shoe by a row of single crochet with red wool. Over the upper part of the shoe work two rounds of loops, each composed of 2 chain, 1 puri, 2 chain, with red wool. Then, inside this edging, on the white stitches, work with red 1 round of double crochet, 1 round of treble, one more of double, and one of loops similar to those round the foot. Pass a cord of red wool in the open round, and finish it off with small tassels.

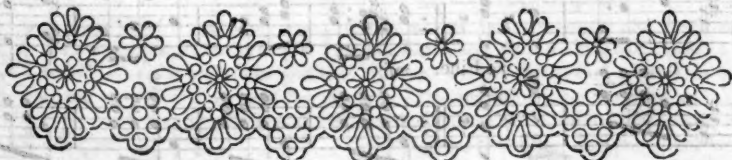


SPOTTED CROCHET

This stitch is particularly suitable for gentlemen's comforters. A common steel or bone needle is used, and Berlin or fleecy wool. **1st row.**—When you have made a sufficiently long chain of stitches, very loosely form a loop in each of the three first; you have then four loops on the needle; reduce these to one by passing the wool through all four at a time. The first spot is thus made. The second is formed in the same manner. The first loop is drawn through the same stitch as the third of the first spot, the two others through the two next stitches of the foundation chain. All the row is worked in the same way. In the following rows the first and third loops are made in the openings on each side of the spot, and the second in the top of the spot itself. In the illustration a dot shows the place of the first loop, and a cross that of the third. The whole of this easy pattern is worked in the same way.



INSERTION.



EMBROIDERY FOR CHILD'S DRESS.

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"RISTORI GRAND GALLOP."

COMPOSED BY E. MACK.

GALLOP.



[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1867, by LEE & WALKER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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